

THE
HISTORY
~~of~~ Sir William Harrington.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE,

And revised and corrected

By the late Mr. RICHARDSON,
Author of Sir Charles Grandison, Clarissa, &c.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Of Folly studious, ev'n of Vices vain,
Ah! Vices gilded by the Rich and Gay.
SHENSTONE's Elegies.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN BELL, at his extensive Circulating
Library near Exeter-Exchange in the Strand, and
C. ETHERINGTON at YORK.

MDCCLXXI.

H. I. & O. R. Y.

THE HISTORY OF THE

WHITING

AND THE WHITING

BY NICHOLAS

Author of the "Whiting" and "The Whiting"

AND THE WHITING

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



OF THE
AND THE WHITING

VOL. I.

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C. Richardson at York.

MDCCLXXII.

DESCRIPTION
OF
MODERN LIFE.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss JULIA to Miss CONSTANTIA
HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, Dec. 15th.

THE morning after her arrival in town Miss Randall came to my aunt's, and gave me my dear Constantia's letter. Too tedious!—No, no, my sweet girl, don't be afraid of that. I almost long to shew my brother the letter, but dare not, for Miss Randall's sake, let him have a sight of it, for fear he should too far improve upon the hint you give, that virtue may be overcome by art. And yet

VOL. II.

B

I am

I am afraid there needs no hint of that kind ; for at present he seems—but I'll say no more concerning my own conjectures ; you, sister, shall be a judge yourself, when I have related all that has happened here within these few days.

LETITIA, when she entered our dining-room, appeared in high spirits, indeed quite uncommon for her. My brother soon after came in, and very genteely welcomed her to town ; but this was done in such a kind of way, as made me rather mistrust it was not the *first* welcome he had given her ; I thought they had had an interview before.

You know, Constantia, I generally speak my thoughts pretty freely, and I did so on the present occasion. Miss blushed ; my brother looked rather silly ; but at length, after some hesitation, owned—that, passing through the Strand that morning, he saw her at the window ; and having been told by me, Miss Randall was to be in town about that time, assured himself it was she ; upon which he
went

went into the shop, and asked if such a lady was there; and being answered in the affirmative, desired to see her; which favour was granted him by her cousin Chambers, who instantly conducted him into the dining-room, where Miss was sitting by herself, Mr. Randall being just gone out.

No very wise action this of Chambers; was it sister? to take, without asking any questions, a man of my brother's gay appearance into the presence of a girl just come out of the country, and in her father's absence too? All the world are mad, I think; and, from what I observe in the behaviour of other people, I begin to have a better opinion of the conduct of *Julia Harrington*.

My aunt asked Miss Randall what day would be most convenient for her papa and she to spend with us; and Letitia fixing it for the next, my brother said, with the permission of Mrs. Mountague, he would make one of the party. She replied, his company would be then, as at all times, quite acceptable to her; and,

added she, pray invite lord S. too, for he is, as well as yourself, acquainted with Mr. Randall, to whom the company of men must be more acceptable than all women.

As LETITIA had never been in town before, we now talked about several schemes of pleasure for her, and my brother offered to be her esquire, in order to shew her the town; when my aunt Mountague—oh, how blind is she to all the faults and imperfections of this nephew of hers! said, Miss Randall you'll be perfectly safe under the care of Sir William; it is really quite happy for you he is in town, for he will, from his own knowledge of them, introduce you properly into all public places.

AH! thought I, into *public* places she may go with him safe enough; let her, however, if she is wise, keep out of *private* ones, and it will be very well.

At length the lady took her leave of my aunt and me; but Sir William, the complaisant Sir William, would attend her to her lodgings;

so away they went together, Mrs. Mountague taking occasion, as soon as he was gone, to praise her nephew for such a *genteel* piece of gallantry, as she stiled it; for my part I *said* nothing, but I *thought* the more.

NEXT day, at two, Mr. Randall and his daughter came; lord S. and Sir William had arrived just before. Letitia was dressed, without powder, in a pink negligee, and an elegant suit of blond lace, and indeed made a most lovely figure. I wish my brother is not too sensible of the lady's charms, for he gazed at her so eagerly, and she, with a sort of sweet consciousness, cast down her fine eyes, a blush overspreading her expressive countenance. Ah, Constantia! I fear, I fear she has her full share of susceptibility! But perhaps I judge wrong; your letter may occasion my being more suspicious than I might otherwise have been. Mr. Randall, so much my superior in wisdom, does not seem to be in the least disturbed; perhaps there is no cause—but, as I said before, I'll give you a true account, and then you shall yourself be judge of the affair.

6 A DESCRIPTION

At dinner my aunt placed, according to rule, Miss Randall at her right hand, and I was going to seat myself at her other, when Sir William, knowing he could not sit above Mr. Randall at his aunt's table, said, Why do we stupid Englishmen, lord S. suffer all the women to sit together in clusters? How unsociable it is? and no where done but in this island. What say you, shall we now break through it? With all my heart, replied his lordship. But what says Mr. Randall? My actions shall speak for me, answered that ever obliging man, at the same time taking his seat next Mrs. Mountague; Madam, said he, the young folks you find want to get together, and I love to humour them in every thing that is reasonable. I sat next Mr. Randall, and my brother placed himself by Letitia, on the other side of the table, saying, I take no care of you, Charles (to lord S.) seat yourself. He drew his chair close to mine. Now, as it was a long table we dined upon, and as no one sat on the same side with my brother and Miss Randall, nothing could be more convenient; for a hand might be laid in her lap, pressing one of hers, without any fear of a discovery,
except

except from such a creature as myself, who made it my business to watch. Indeed I did watch, and perceived that all the time of their sitting together, after the removal of dinner, the gentleman and lady never had but *two* hands between both, at liberty, or which appeared in sight. Nay, worse than this, Constantia—I am a sad dangerous companion you'll say—

As we walked about the room, between the time of dinner and tea, happening to cast my eyes upon Letitia's pretty feet, I observed some black upon one of her stockings, which I could swear to it was not there when she first came in the morning ; it looked like, and most certainly was, some of the japan rubbed off my brother's shoe.

UPON this I could not help being a little cruel ; Miss Randall, said I, 'tis disagreeable to be the messenger of ill news, but you have some way or other got a mischance upon one of your stockings. She looked at her feet and ankles, when instantly between her face, neck, and gown, there was scarcely any difference

colour, except that the former were rather of the deepest die; yet she came off extremely well. The charming effects this of your nasty London hacks, said she; they will really quite ruin me, for this is not the only accident I have met with to-day—See, taking a pair of gloves out of her pocket—these I have quite spoiled getting into the coach, and was obliged to have others before I came from home. My stocking too has got a little touch, but I did not perceive it before.

NOR I neither, my dear, thought I---Well cleared, Letitia, however; and if thy genius improves, child, as I make no doubt it will, under the tuition of so good an instructor as Sir William, in a short time thou wilt be able to manage an intrigue bravely.

AFTER tea we went to cards, during which nothing in the least remarkable happened. But after supper, as we all sat in the same places we had done at dinner, I again was very spiteful; for when my brother and the lady least suspected it, I snatch'd up a candle, and popt my head in an instant under the table. What
is

is the matter, Miss Harrington? said lord S. who rose in a great hurry in order to do me some piece of service he could not tell what--- Only dropt my tooth-pick answered I--don't trouble yourself, my lord, I see very plainly what I looked after; and indeed I did, for Sir William was very ardently pressing between his feet, one of Miss Randall's, and holding in his hand one of hers, which she (I doubt for that purpose) had carelessly let fall on that side next him. But as such kind of doings are generally works of darkness, on the approach of the candle the union of feet was instantly dissolved, the hands snatched away, and some very visible signs of confusion displayed on the lady's countenance. My brother, quite mad at being detected--what the d---I, Julia, said he, do you make such a rout about a trumpery tooth-pick for? You have plenty, I am sure, for I saw lord S. give you a large bundle this morning.

I do not love to be extravagant, brother, answered I; but--(looking full in his face with as much meaning as I was able) my stooping need not to have dis---turbed you.--

Here I rather hesitated in my speech, so that the word disturbed was by that means drawn to a greater length than usual.

VERY well, Madam, said he, pettishly.--- I hope so indeed, answered I, for I don't love mischief unless it is of my own making.

Miss Harrington is of too generous a temper to delight in mischief, I am sure, said Letitia. ---No indeed, reply'd lord S. you are quite mistaken, Madam; for I believe one of her greatest delights is to tease me. Oh, sister! how mad was I!---a fool! what occasion, I wonder, had he to speak, by that means rendering a subject general, which, if it had been confined to Miss Randall, Sir William, and myself, might not have been so much for their ease, as my diversion while it lasted.

AT length the hour of eleven came, and then lord S. in his coach carried Mr. Randall and his daughter home, before he and Sir William went to Grosvenor-square.

THIS

THIS morning I took a chair and went to Chambers's house, where I asked if Mr. Randall was at home. No, Madam, answered a very pretty kind of woman who was in the shop—but Miss is above. Is she alone, asked I?---(And I protest, Constantia, at the time, without any manner of reason.)

SHE has a gentleman with her, Madam, answered Mrs. Chambers, who is here a great deal, being an acquaintance of Mr. Randall's as well as of Miss: he came home with them night from a Mrs. Mountague's, I think; they had been visiting.

THE gentleman's name, if it is not impertinent, Madam, said I. Oh, dear! not at all, reply'd she, for my cousin need not be ashamed of being acquainted with Sir William Harrington. He is an humble servant of Miss Randall's, I presume, Madam, said I.

WHY, reply'd she, so my husband and I are apt to believe, from the appearance of things.

I FINDING this Mrs. Chambers a good chatty kind of woman, and from whom, if I managed her properly, I might possibly gain some knowledge, took a chair. Madam, said I, I want some rich silver ribbon for a sword-knot. She needed not to be twice spoken to upon that subject, so took out a drawer containing several colours.

I CHOSE out two ; and, Madam, said I, as I shall want to dispose of them to-night, I'll stay while you make them up. She prepared to do so, at the same time saying---This piece of ribbon, Madam, nobody in town can produce the fellow of---The pattern is of Mr. Chambers's own contriving—See—(folding it up into proper form) how exactly it is suited to the purpose designed. I never made but one sword knot of it before this of yours, and that was this morning just before you came, for Miss Randall, as a present to Sir William.---

SHE goes to the play with him to-night, as I understand, in company with his sister and lord S. in whose coach he brought home my
cousins

cousins last night; and he has given her a very handsome pair of diamond tops for her ears, which she is to wear this evening. But, Madam, perhaps I tell you more than I ought? Lord! how vastly pretty this ribbon looks! Did you ever see any thing better suited to the purpose? But as I said, Madam, I should not have told you that the ear-rings were a present from Sir William to my cousin, so beg when you see her you won't mention it, for her papa knows nothing of the matter. Miss tells him she bought them herself, with part of an hundred pound prize she had in the late lottery: but to me she owned the truth, and, Madam, I dare say you may safely be trusted. You'll not speak of it to the old gentleman, I am sure, because you say you are Miss's friend---Would you please, Madam, to walk up stairs?

No, Mrs. Chambers, answered I, as Miss Randall has her humble servant with her, any other company can't be agreeable---I'll therefore take some other opportunity of paying her a visit---at present, I suppose, she and Sir William

William are very happy in being alone together.

INDEED, Madam, answered she, I do believe they are very happy. Bless me! how lucky a girl was Miss Letty, to gain the affections of such a fine gentleman! I could tell you a great deal if I pleased.

DEAR Mrs. Chambers, said I, we women all love secrets of this kind---pray trust me.

WHY, Madam, reply'd she, some little time ago (but this part of the story my husband is a stranger to) a gentleman came to our shop one morning, and—Here Mr. Chambers most unfortunately entered and put an end to the discourse, to my great mortification; since I dare say, from what she was going to say, I should have gained great lights into this present dark affair. My sword-knots now were finished, so I took leave, after telling Mrs. Chambers I should want something in her way the next morning, when I begged she would give me an hour's private conversation, in order to finish that small history she had begun;
and

and that I wished she would not mention any thing about me for the present to her cousins, who I said might take it amiss if I was to be at the house two mornings running, and not pay them a visit, which I could not do, having business which would require my attendance the next day, immediately upon my quitting her. Both my requests she promised to comply with, so I took my leave and went directly home.

OH, Constantia ! what do you think of all this ? Is there not cause to fear something bad will turn out ? I am determined, if possible, to search the affair to the bottom to-night at the play ; and to-morrow morning perhaps, by the help of this woman, I may discover what I want to know.

MR. Randall sets out to-morrow early, and, poor man ! I doubt leaves his daughter in a fair way for ruin ! I'll take all the care of her I can—and poor care that will be, perhaps you will say, who take so little of myself.

HERE.

HERE I'll end this letter, not choos'ing to let Mr. Randall return to you without one; but I shall begin another very soon, and you may depend upon it, that all the information I can gain, shall from time to time be faithfully transmitted to you, by

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXX.

Miss JULIA HARRINGTON in Continuation.

December 17.

ON my return home after my expedition to Chambers's, I found lord S. ready at hand to receive the presents I had bought for him. My aunt was gone out, but he wanting to see me, stay'd for my coming home, and

and was, at my return, reading in the dining room.

WHEN I entered—My lord, said I, can you tell me what scheme your friend Sir William is pursuing this morning? No, Madam, answered he.—I looked at him very attentively, saying, Really? Not the least change appeared in his countenance, and he again answered, no; likewise adding—upon his honour, the more readily, I suppose, to convince me. Have you seen him to-day, asked I? No, Madam; he went out, as I am informed by my servant, pretty early, and did not return to breakfast.

AH! said I, sitting down upon a settee—but too true, I doubt; and then being quite overcome by the hurry of spirits I was in, some tears sprang up to my eyes, which, as I wiped away, the good lord S. (I do really believe the man loves me) took my hand, which I did not endeavour to withdraw.

CHARMING Miss Harrington! said he, what can have so greatly disturbed you? Let me share

share your trouble—perhaps I may be able to remove it—Why are you so frightened? I make no doubt your brother is very safe—What is there to alarm you in his going out this morning to breakfast? Dear Madam! it is no uncommon thing for us young fellows to be absent whole days, nay, sometimes weeks, upon a scheme we don't trust our friends with the knowledge of; and yet for all this we come to no harm.

My lord, cry'd I, you know nothing of the matter—you can't tell, indeed you can't, what mischief may be hatching.

DEAR creature! (kissing my hand with a tender affection which some how quite touched my heart) what means this odd kind of foreboding which seems to have laid hold of you? Do not give way to groundless fears, I beg you—Make yourself easy, for your brother is quite safe, I make no question.

He safe, reply'd I, pettishly—Yes, yes, I make no doubt of that. I wish some other people were as safe as he.

DEAR

DEAR Miss Harrington, you now fright me! Who is not safe? Who is in danger? I vow you speak in such a mysterious manner, I can't understand you.

NOR would I have you, my lord, returned I.—(Now thinking I had said too much.) So to turn the discourse, I took out of my pocket the sword-knots, at the same time saying—Here, man, don't say any more that I am not good to you; see what a notable present I have been buying for you this morning.

HE took the ribbon, and bowing very respectfully, said—All which comes from your hand, Madam, I most highly esteem: what a charming taste you have in every thing! what pretty ribbons! I'll wear one of them in honour of the donor this evening.

THEN said I, humour my fancy—wear this—touching that of which Miss Randall had given my brother the fellow.

SOON.

SOON after this, his lordship departed, and I went to my dressing room, where, Constantia, I wrote that letter, which, e'er this, I suppose, you have received from the hand of Mr. Randall, who purposed lying at the hall in his way home.

Miss Randall and her papa came to drink tea with us, and lord S. and Sir William were there too ; being, as Mrs. Chambers had said, to attend Letitia and myself to the play. My aunt did not go, nor Mr. Randall ; so they spent the evening together, playing at piquet till we returned.

LETITIA was drest in her diamond tops—very pretty ones, I can assure you ; though no doubt to be made of that, for when young fellows want to purchase extraordinary favours, they seldom think they can buy them too dear, provided it is not at the price of their liberty.

LORD S. had his sword-knot on ; it shone prodigiously, and the glitter attracting my aunt
Moun-

tague's eyes—You are very fine, my lord, said she?

YES, Madam, reply'd he, and I wear it in honour of—A lady, no doubt; interrupted I; but you should not boast of ladies favours, so pray don't tell us her name. He bowed to me very respectfully, his eyes at the same time indicating that he took the hint. I shall make something of this man in time, Constantia; he comes on bravely, don't you think so?

SIR William went to lord S. and examining the ribbon—How, Charles, said he! where didst thou get this? I thought—here he stopt—Thought what, brother, said I?

NOT regarding my question, he went to Miss Randall, who to his whisper answered, No---(I suppose he asked her if she had given lord S. a sword-knot as well as himself) No! repeated he, then where the devil Charles got it I can't imagine. Shall I tell you, brother, said I? You tell, answered he—How should you know any thing of the matter? Do you dare me,
Sir

Sir William? I do, Madam. Why then, said I, in the first place I will tell you that his lordship's is not the only one of the sort in town; for it has a twin brother so exactly like it, there is scarce any such thing as distinguishing them, even when together.—Well, and what is all this to the purpose, sister Julia? Lord, Sir William, said Miss Randall, why do you trouble yourself about nothing? Of what consequence can it be to you I wonder where Lord S. bought his sword-knot.

It was bought at the same place, replied I, where—. Dear, dear Miss Harrington, cried she hastily, don't humour his curiosity—and her confusion plainly told me she wished not to have her father know she had made the present.

Oh, guilt! how dost thou affect people! Poor Letitia! she knew she had given one of the same; her conscience struck her, and upon that account, she of course concluded I was going to mention it: not considering how unlikely it was I should come at the knowledge of the affair.

SEEING

SEEING her thus evidently affected, I spared her, and dropped the subject, and soon after we went to the play, where nothing in the least remarkable happened, nor during the evening after we came back to my aunt's.

MR. Randall and his daughter were again taken home in lord S.'s coach, he and Sir William, as before, attending them.

THE next morning, at nine, Mr. Randall set out for Hampshire, as I was informed by Mrs. Chambers, to whom I went at twelve, according to appointment, and found the good woman ready to receive me. I asked where Miss was ? Gone out, Madam, answered she. With whom, Mrs. Chambers ? Why, really I can't tell, Madam ; only Sir William Harrington, he was one ; and besides him a gentleman and a lady, but I did not hear their names, and never to my knowledge saw them before : I believe they are gone to an auction. Oh brave ! thought I ; things go on apace : but pray, Madam, what sort of people were the gentleman and lady ?

THE

THE gentleman, a good handsome man, replied she, but rather a rakish kind of look ; he was dressed in a red coat, and yet I don't think he is an officer neither, for he had no cockade in his hat. The lady, I fancy has been pretty, but she is now out of her bloom, yet dresses as if she was but eighteen.

MR. Loyd and Mrs. Granville, as sure as fate, Constantia ; don't you think so ?

WELL but Mrs. Chambers, said I, we waste time ; shew me a paper of French gloves, and while I choose out what I want, be so kind to begin the story we were interrupted in yesterday. She complied with both my requests : first reached the gloves, and then spoke as follows :

‘ SOME time ago, Madam, a gentleman
‘ came to my shop, and bought a great many
‘ things of me, for Mr. Chambers was not at
‘ home ; and in the course of our chat, he
‘ said he had cut the fore-finger of his right
‘ hand that morning, at the same time shew-
‘ ing it me bound up. This is plaguy unlucky,
‘ said

' said he, for I have got half a dozen papers
 ' in my pocket I want to get franked, and the
 ' gentleman who was to set his hand to them
 ' won't do it, unless they are first directed :
 ' Madam, the favour is too great, or else I
 ' would ask you to direct them for me, since,
 ' I am, as you see, incapable of writing. He
 ' had, Madam, as I said before, bought a great
 ' many things of me, and you know it is right
 ' to oblige such people, in hopes of having
 ' their custom again ; so I told him, that if
 ' he would give me the papers I would with
 ' all my heart direct them for him. Oh, ma-
 ' dam, said he, how much you oblige me, at
 ' the same time pulling out the covers, which
 ' I received, and taking up a pen, asked him
 ' what I should write ?

' *TO Miss Randall*, answered he, *at the*
 ' *seat of Sir William Harrington in Hants.*
 ' How, sir ! said I, Miss Randall ! why she
 ' is my cousin. Dear woman, returned he, I
 ' love you then for her sake ! well, surely in
 ' a lucky moment I entered your house ! how
 ' fortunate this adventure of mine !

‘ AH, Sir, replied I, you seem to be a fine
‘ gay gentleman, and what your intentions
‘ by my cousin may be, I can’t tell. They
‘ are all formed upon the plan of honour,
‘ Madam, I can assure you, answered he ; and
‘ I’ll tell you farther,—I am Sir William Har-
‘ rington.

‘ I WAS now quite satisfied, so immediate-
‘ ly directed the franks, and after that gene-
‘ rally used to see him every day. The time
‘ of his coming was at one o’clock, when Mr.
‘ Chambers is always out upon his business,
‘ which, Madam, you know was vastly lucky,
‘ because in his absence I could yet more free-
‘ ly talk to Sir William, who begged me not
‘ to tell my husband any thing for the present,
‘ about what he trusted me with concerning
‘ my cousin.

‘ AFTER some little time going on in this
‘ manner, he one day desired me to send her
‘ an invitation of coming to my house in order
‘ to spend two or three months ; which invi-
‘ tation I sent, and Miss Randall most readily
‘ accepted it : indeed I don’t at all wonder at
‘ that,

‘ that, for she came to town to enjoy the company of Sir William, who, I understand, has a sister in the country so proud, she would never consent to his marrying my cousin ; and this was the reason why the amour could not be carried on there.

‘ In the letter I wrote to Miss Randall, giving her the invitation, I told her that I knew the whole affair, and desired her not to stand so much in her own light as to refuse coming to London, since Sir William was so very anxious about it. And, Madam, since her being with me, she has owned, that the getting me to direct the letters, was a thing agreed upon before he left the hall ; for that he could not direct them himself, for fear of giving his sister some suspicion ; and that they had made choice of me to do them that good office, because that when the letters came, she might with a safe conscience say, they came from her cousin Chambers ; and again, I might possibly, you know, have wrote to her upon my own account, which would have strengthened the other.

‘ THIS, Madam, and what I told you yesterday, is all I know of the affair ; but my husband does not know my cousin and Sir William contrived this town meeting ; he imputes her coming up, as does also my cousin Randall himself, entirely to a thought of mine, therefore, Madam, I dare say you are a lady of such great honour, and so much Miss Randall’s friend, as not to mention to any body what I have told you in confidence.’ She ended, and I replied :

I HAVE, Mrs. Chambers, I can assure you, a very high regard for Miss Randall, and from the bottom of my heart wish her well ; for which reason I think the knowledge of this affair had better be confined to the bosoms of *us*, her faithful friends. Come, Madam, let us resolve not to speak of it to any body. It is hard to know people, and if we will give ourselves the liberty of mentioning it to many, in all probability it may at length come to the ears of those who ought on no account to be informed of it.

You

You judge quite right, Madam, answered she, and I will, I can assure you, be very cautious ; you say well, for indeed in affairs of this nature the fewer people one trusts the better.

AND I hope, Constantia, the good woman will be cautious for the future, and not trust all people, as she has done me ; for I should be very sorry to have my brother and Miss Randall become the common talk of the town, as must have been the case had Mrs. Chambers gone on making a great number of confidants ; but I hope I have stopt her. Poor woman, I can't help enjoying the fright she will be in when she comes to find out I am Sir William Harrington's sister ; and this she most certainly will do in a few days, for I shall go with my brother, I have promised so to do, and drink tea with Miss at Mrs. Chambers's house. This, I think, if any thing can, will stop her, and make her very cautious who she talks to again, lest she should meet with another of the proud sisters, so much against the match. Oh, Constantia ! what a deep-laid plot was here ! this wicked brother of ours,

what an accomplished intriguer ! Poor Letitia, thou art in a sad way indeed ; thou wilt I fear run blindfold to thy ruin ! My brother, he to be such a wretch ! Oh, Constantia ! what a wicked, very wicked world we live in, says your greatly surprized and equally distressed

JULIA HARRINGTON.

L E T T E R XXXI.

The Right Honourable the earl of W. to Sir
WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

C. Park, Dec. 16th.

MY son, Sir William, being by chance thrown in the way of your amiable sister Constantia, has conceived so great an affection for her, as to get me to make the following proposals in his behalf.

IN the first place, our family estate is a clear 12,000l. a year ; six of which I always intended

tended to give my boy on his marrying, in case the match was with my consent and approbation, which it will be entirely if he marries Miss Harrington, of whom by report I hear such an extraordinary fine character.

WHATEVER her fortune is, I will make her an answerable settlement to it ; but I can't myself (as I never quit C. park) be present ; therefore you must excuse it, and my son shall wait upon you in London, at what time soever you please to fix, invested with full power from me, to settle the affair according to your satisfaction and his own, mean while I remain

Yours,

W.

P. S. My son has just brought me a letter for Miss Harrington, which he desires me to enclose, requesting it as a favour that you will send it to your sister with one from yourself ; thinking, as he says, that if you so apparently honour his suit with your approbation, she will be the more easily induced to favour it.

C 4.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miss
CONSTANTIA.

Grosvenor-square, Dec. 19th.

IT has ever been my wish to see my dear sisters well disposed of in marriage; and now, Constantia, this wish is likely to be completed with regard to you.

JULIA has this morning, at my request, read me parts of some letters you sent her during the time lord C. was with you at the hall, and joins with me in opinion that he is far from being disagreeable to you; and for my part I will own to you, that when I first heard of his being there, I could not help wishing he might, during his stay, receive a deeper wound than that you cured in his arm. He is a man of an unexceptionable character; and I have but one reason to object to his alliance, which is, his being so very bright a
star,

star, that your brother must cease to shine at all whenever he is present.

INDEED, Constantia, I think he seems formed for you, and you for him; yet I will not pretend to advise you in an affair of such high importance as that of an event on which must depend your happiness or misery for life. In the determination, my dear sister, let your own judgment direct you, who are more capable than myself of acting right.

I SEND you enclosed the earl's letter to me, which will speak for itself, and also one from lord C. of both which I beg to know your opinion as soon as possible, that I may make a report of it to the family.

Yours affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss CONSTANTIA to Sir WILLIAM
HARRINGTON.

Harrington-Hall, Dec. 22d.

LAST night, my dear brother, your letter reached my hands, and the kind anxiety you express for my happiness, greatly engages my acknowledgment and affection.

WELL did lord C. judge, in thinking that the approbation of my brother would have great weight with me ; it has, and pleads more strongly in his behalf, than all the fine arguments he makes use of in his own letter to me.

BUT you are cruel, Sir William, you say you won't advise me ; indeed you should, for I never wanted the advice of true friends more than at this instant. I would act right, but really don't know how to do so. It is a case of great nicety ; I would not, if I could help it,

it, appear too hasty, nor foolishly protract more than is needful, to keep up that proper decorum, from which, in my opinion, our sex should never deviate.

YET, surely to a brother I may speak my mind? I will do so; and freely own that I incline to favour lord C. He gained in a high manner my esteem while he was at the hall; and now he sues for my love, aided as he is by the approbation of my brother, why should I hesitate declaring to that brother that my inclinations are disposed to follow his?

LORD C. in his letter begs my permission to wait upon me; but that I think I ought not to grant, unless you will countenance his visit with your presence. However not only in this step, but in all others relating to the present affair, I leave it to you in what manner to act for.

Your affectionate

C. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miss
CONSTANTIA.

Grosvenor-square, Dec. 26th.

THE same day's post which brings this to you, my dear sister, conveys letters from me to the earl of W. and his worthy son. I tell the former that I have had a letter from you, in answer to one I sent, begging to know your sentiments, in which you indicate no disinclination to the addresses of lord C. and that I hope in time, through his application, and my interest (which I promise to use in his behalf) you will be brought to favour all our wishes; for I assure him mine are very strongly for an alliance with his family. I offer lord C. to attend him to the hall, if he will first give me a meeting in London, where we will settle all necessary preliminaries, and then set out directly.

THERE.

THEREFORE, my dear Constantia, I conclude it won't be long before you see us, for doubtless his lordship will fly upon the wings of love.

Adieu. Yours,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXV..

Miss JULIA to Miss HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, Jan. 5th.

IN order to make this letter quite acceptable, I should have got a certain young nobleman of my acquaintance to have brought it in his pocket, since his touch, and the pretty manner in which he would have delivered it could not fail of adding a fresh beauty to each line. But then I was hindered from doing this; for, on second thoughts, it appeared no unlikely matter that you might think a sister's letter rather an impertinent interruption to something more agreeable, when in the presence

presence of your lover ; so on this account I gave it my brother, charging him with the delivery of it.

I AM quite in love with lord C. and I can't help wishing—but hold ! down vanity, down ! Nay, should I suffer thee to rise to thy highest altitude, can it be possible thou shouldst be able to carry me through so bold an undertaking as that of setting myself in competition with my sister ? No, no ; had his lordship seen me first (that was what I was going to say I wished) and had my airs and outward graces a little attracted his notice, on being acquainted with your real merit and intrinsic worth, a man of his judgment would soon have known which of the two he ought to prefer.

LORD S. now, he is the proper kind of man for me, since he has not, I bless my stars, more sense—no, sister, nor more prudence than myself—and yet I don't think he is a fool neither, I can tell you. Very pretty this ; is it not ? an handsome compliment for him and myself too.

IN a few days time I should like prodigiously to be transformed into a little bird, and then I would fly down into Hampshire, where sitting close and unobserved in one corner of a room in Sir William Harrington's house, I might be witness to a most extraordinary courtship---for such I conclude must be that of so extraordinary a gentleman to such an extraordinary lady. No flippancies, no follies, as between lord S. and me. All sense! fine reasoning, and—I can't tell what. But I should like to have a peep at you, Constantia, that I should.

LORD C. came to London as soon as it was possible after the receipt of my brother's letter, and paid his respects to him in Grosvenor-square the morning after his arrival. In the afternoon Sir William brought him to drink tea with my aunt and me; and ever since, when we are by ourselves, the good lady and I do nothing but dispute about who shall praise and and admire him most. Miss Randall has really a good hand at description: I thought, at first when I read it, I can tell you though, that she must have flattered him; but
now,

now, since my personal acquaintance, I find he did him only strict justice. For his equal, for fine person, fine sense, fine manners, and fine character (which he has from the mouths of all who know him) I never met with before: therefore, sister, make much of him (as I am sure you ought) for he is a *none-such*. I can assure you..

My brother before his arrival in town, expressed some fears to me that his lordship might think your fortune rather too small; But, said he, that shall not break off the match if I can help it. I have money exclusive of my estate, and paying all your fortunes, left entirely at my disposal by our late dear father; of this money, should it be necessary, I will present Constantia with some thousands; for can I any way better dispose of my father's bounty than by applying part of it to render one of his daughter's happy? and happy, I think, Constantia cannot fail of being, with such a man as lord C..

GENE-

GENEROUS and affectionate this intention of Sir William's ! Was it not ? Oh, what a pity it is that so good an heart as his is by nature, should be choaked up in the ruinous soil of inordinate love of pleasure ! Libertinism, I should say ; which vile clog weighs down virtue, forbidding it to shoot forth its lovely branches, as it would do, but for this obstruction, conferring benefit upon all who knew him.

BUT in no kind of nobleness or virtue is it possible to out-do lord C. for on our brother's hinting to him something to the purpose I have written, he generously refused all offers of that kind, saying,

SIR William, you distress me : can you imagine me to be of that low, that sordid nature, as in an affair of this high importance, to be influenced by money ? yet don't mistake me, I am far from wholly despising it ; on the contrary, I esteem it as one of the greatest blessings of Providence, when properly applied ; for which reason I would never squander it
away

away unreasonably. But possessing, as I do myself, such an ample share of it, why should I be covetous for more? I am not, I assure you, Sir; and you may believe me in the following declaration, That had your sister only as many hundreds as she has thousands, such as she is in herself, so deserving a lady, I should esteem the favour of her hand the greatest happiness this life could give me.

THEY afterwards talked of settlements, jointure, &c. Your 10,000*l.* Constantia, is to be settled upon younger children, and your jointure 2000*l.* a year. My brother, it seems, asked but one, and lord C. of his own accord added the other. You act by your sister, Sir William, said he, as I hope you will not by the lady you shall happen to marry, or else your notions, with regard to cases of this kind, are very different from mine. I think, provided a man dies, he should (if his fortune will admit of it) leave his wife sufficient to keep up the same state as a widow, which she had lived in during his life-time. Now this a woman could not possibly do with one thousand

land who had been used to share six (perhaps twelve) : for which reason, I shall desire to settle upon Miss Harrington two thousand, in case she out-lives me ; since she could not appear properly as my widow under such an annual income.

CONSTANTIA, pray, dear girl, make this charming man my brother as soon as possible, that I may, without impropriety, bestow upon him those affectionate caresses my expanding heart now longs to give him. Upon my life, I think if such a man as this had addressed me, I should soon, very soon have surrendered, and taken no sort of pleasure in teasing him.

HE sets out for the hall with my brother tomorrow morning, and I wish you all much happiness together. Dear sister, if you are not *too* much engaged, do send me some accounts from time to time of your proceedings, for you may be certain I shall long to hear : nor can you wonder at a curiosity you must allow to be reasonable—and if so, pray gratify it.

I HAVE

I HAVE had a letter within this week from Cordelia, who says she wrote by the same post to you—I conclude too, gave you much the same account of her present situation she has to me; and, Constantia, what do you think of it? Does it not appear pretty plainly, that the noble colonel has taken that little citadel her heart? You know I love dearly to dive into people's characters and concerns, so I have been making enquiry into his, and all turns out well. The man has a charming character: at present indeed he possesses but a scanty portion of dame fortune's favour, but certainly will have a large acquisition very soon from that old uncle Delia speaks of in her first letter from Bath, who, I hear, is in so bad a state of health, he can't possibly live long.

WELL, I think then, all three of us sisters are in a fair way to be disposed of; for I dare say lord S. and I shall agree one day or other, for all we dispute so violently now. After this, of the whole family, there remains only my brother; and his heart—yes, yes—his heart, I believe, is disposed of; but his d—l—sh pride! that sticks with him, and because he
will

will not sacrifice that pride, what a vile action may he not commit! A *proud* man, sister, in my opinion, can't be a *noble* man, for what in their natures can be more different than nobleness and pride? Nobleness chuses for its guide humility, which leads to virtue, and delights in acts of generosity. Pride, led by arrogance, unawares falls into the paths of meanness, which teaches it to commit the basest actions, under the colour of supporting rank and dignity.

I FEAR our brother's spirit, so much admired by many, is actuated not by nobleness, but pride; if he was noble, would he not do, as lord C. declared he would have done, had there been occasion? Not wanting a fortune, marry the woman he loves, who, though without one, is no way his inferior in real merit, but much the contrary, only happening to be born in a more humble station. Yet such I fear is the pride of Sir William, that he would, rather than do what in his mislaid opinion might hurt that pride, destroy the virtue of a woman wholly unblameable in her conduct

duct till she knew him, and whose only fault is loving him too well. Alas, poor girl! I fear she does indeed love him *too* well, unless he returned her love in a better manner; but I hope if he has any bad designs, she'll see through them in time, and then nobly subduing her ill-placed affection, despise him and his arts together. Mercy on me! before I'd ever trouble my head, or grieve for the loss of a man who could in such a manner seek my debasement!—I am quite in a rage at the thoughts of it—A parcel of sorry wretches! I have no patience with them. Now if I was at my harpsichord, I'd sing away—

Sigh no more ladies, men were deceivers ever, &c.

BUT relating to the affair between Letitia and my brother, nothing new, or in the least remarkable has come to my knowledge since I wrote last. I suppose your concerns have of late engrossed so much of Sir William's time and thoughts, as not to allow him to scheme much for himself, therefore of course, there must be some little cessation in the other treaty.

POOR

POOR Miss Randall ! she seems to be sadly concerned at his being to leave her—She can't, so strong is her love, though she uses, I make no doubt, her utmost endeavours, hide her concern : but for my part I rejoice at what afflicts her, being certain while he is absent from her she is safe, which when he is not, God knows how it may it be.

MINE is a very bad situation between them—She is my *friend*, and the man whom I suspect of ill designs, my *brother* ; what can I do ? I would caution and tell her my suspicions ; but as it is, I dare not—Such is my brother's violence of temper, that should I interfere in the affair, and happen to wrong him, he never would forgive me, and yet I am sometimes tempted to hazard it. My heart bleeds for the girl, since I imagine I daily see ruin hang over her head, just ready to break and overwhelm her. But pray heaven I may be mistaken ! Would, however, she had not come to London, or that the time she came for was expired, and she safe at her father's house again. I am troubled beyond measure. Oh, brother, brother ! how you disturb my
peace !

peace ! and yet can I think you a monster capable of ruining such a woman ! bearing, as you do, the name of

HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS CONSTANTIA to MISS JULIA
HARRINGTON.

Harrington Hall, Dec. 10.

HIS lordship and my brother arrived here on the 6th at night, when the latter gave me your epistle. Charming girl ! what spirits have you ! How they break out, though you are ever so much distressed ! Whatever be the subject, you are yourself in the discussing of it, quite lively ! May that sweet vivacity ever be your companion ; and may you never know those strange depressions of mind, those anxious hours, which now are spent by your
sister

sister. Dear Julia! surely your Constantia is a foolish creature! Such prospects before her! Prospects her fondest wishes would not have changed, and yet there hangs about her a strange kind of—I can't tell what to call it, an uneasiness, a tender anxiety, which occasions unspeakable flutters. My heart seems to be in a continual agitation, even to a pain; yet still that very pain is rather pleasing; for I do not desire to divest myself of it, though it has seemingly turned all my faculties into thought.

AND thought, on such occasions, indisputably should be allowed its utmost scope; for after the event is over, what then will thought avail? Beforehand therefore is the time to use it, when every circumstance, each article, should well be weighed in the unerring scales of reason. Oh, [my sister! what a change am I about to make! What a new scene of life engage in! It makes me tremble. The duties of a wife how numerous! The humours of most men how variable! Yet to these men we at the sacred altar vow obedience, and our obedience is not limited; it has no bounds;

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their

their *worse* as well as *better* are to be complied with. How hard this task to one like me, who never knew controul ! Blest till the age of sixteen with one of the tenderest of mothers, and when deprived of her indulgent care, how did our late dear father strive to repair the loss we had sustained, by racking his invention how to please and make his children happy !

How short is my acquaintance with lord C. and should he only wear the specious covering of good nature—Should he in the end throw off the mask, appear the tyrant, and use me hardly—Oh, my Julia ! how could thy sister bear it ! She loves him, truly loves him, and cruel treatment from those we love is insupportable.



Twelve at night.

I BROKE off this afternoon, startled by an unusual rapping at the door of my dressing room where I was writing. Who is there, called

called out I? Lord C. answered—Dear Miss Harrington, do not in this manner deprive us of your company: either admit me to your presence here, or else do me the favour to walk down into the parlour.

Excuse me, my lord, for one hour, replied I; I am writing to my sister Julia; I beg you would let me finish the letter.

Writing to Julia! said another voice, and bounce open went the door, which I had not locked, little, I must own, suspecting such intrusion. I'll be more careful for the future however; for before I was aware, in came lord C. and my brother, who laid his hand upon the paper I was writing, before I had time to get it away.

Here, my lord, cry'd he, in an air of triumph, holding up the letter—Here is a treasure for you! Women always write their hearts' full design to their confidants; and though pretty Miss this morning could not bear we should talk to her upon the subject of fixing her wedding day—it was so precipi-

tating—her acquaintance with you of so short a date, indeed at present she could not think of it, therefore begged to change the discourse, &c. And yet for all this—mere female artifice all of it—I dare say she can write upon the shocking theme, even to the filling of more than an whole sheet of paper. But here we shall see, casting his eyes upon the beginning of the letter—Come, lord C. be all attention, and he was going to read.

I SPREAD my hands over as much of the writing as they would cover, saying, Dear brother, what have I done to merit such treatment? Ought the secrets of one sister to another to be pry'd into; or the retirement of a woman to be so ungenteely broken in upon? Indeed you do not use me well—Pray, Sir William, give me back the paper.

Is there, Constantia, any thing in it you greatly wish lord C. and I should not have the inspection of?

CERTAINLY, reply'd I, nor can it be surprising if there is—Consider to whom I was writing. Don't you know that Julia ever honoured me with the title of her monitor? In consequence of which, I always take upon me to censure whatever parts of her conduct I think amiss. But then I would not have others even suspect she is guilty of those failings, which my tender regard for her makes me, perhaps, only imagine I espy; therefore of course would not, upon any account, have the letters I write to her on these subjects, inspected by any one but ourselves.

WELL, returned Sir William, I'll offer you quite fairly; if you'll declare upon your sincerity, that the letter here in my hand, relates entirely to Julia's concerns and not your own, you shall have it back unread.

IT does, brother, relate to Julia's concerns—for—for—and I was so fluttered I scarcely knew what to answer. Oh, how could Sir William be so cruel! He left me no way to escape the evil I dreaded, but by telling a falsehood, which I doubt I should have told, if

I could cleverly have formed one; but taken as I was so unexpectedly, all invention quite forsook me. Ah, Julia! at this instant I wanted a little of your spirit; you would not have behaved in the foolish manner I did; you would have got off better I make no doubt, and not have kept stammering out your for—*for*—without being able to tell for what.

My brother, after having a little while enjoyed my confusion, said---Well, Miss Harrington, and what are we to expect beyond that stumbling block *for*, which you don't seem well to know how to get over? If you can't jump straight, go on one side of it: pray make an end of the little artful race you have begun.

You are very provoking, Sir William, answered I, (by this time a little re-assured) but since you will know, I must tell you, that Julia and her humble servant have sometimes little differences, which I endeavour to make up. Now, Sir, does this relate to me or her? I fancy while I said these words I looked

ed rather simple, for my brother reply'd—
Ah, Constantia! never attempt to speak an
untruth again, child, for you do it with so
ill a grace, that a mere novice might detect
you.

I TOLD you 'no untruth, brother. I—
Fie, fie, interrupted he, gently tapping me
upon the shoulder, I am quite ashamed---
You, Miss Harrington, who have been re-
markable for your candour and veracity; that
you should tell a fib! Oh, naughty girl!
laughing and tapping me again. Lord C. don't
she deserve to be punished? Does she merit
any mercy at our hands? None shall she find,
for now I will read the letter, I am deter-
mined.

HE then took both my hands, which I had
spread over the paper, between one of his,
and holding them fast, begun—"His lordship"
—There, lord C. you are named in the very
first word; this looks well; we shall find out
a great many good honest truths before we
come to the end, I'll warrant you. Well,
what is next? But come, I'll begin now and

go quite through; for if I criticise thus upon every little pretty expression, I never shall have done.

“His lordship and my brother---”

BROTHER, interrupted I, bursting into tears ---You have no tenderness; if you had, you could not use me so. But you shall not---Let go my hands—I won’t be held. I struggled violently, and got one hand loose, with which I attempted to catch hold of the letter; but he was too quick for me, and extending his long arm to the utmost, put it quite out of my reach, saying---Why don’t you take it, my dear?

WHAT monstrous usage, sister, was it not? Have brothers a right to insult us? I can hardly forgive him yet; and at the time never had been so angry with any one before in my whole life.

His lordship, who had all this while been silent, now approached my brother, saying, That letter, Sir William, seems by the beginning

ning of it to relate to me. Now it ever was my inclination to desire as much as possible to keep my concerns private ; please therefore—and he took hold of Sir William's arm, endeavouring to get at the letter.

HOLD, my lord ! hold, cried my brother ; how do you know the letter don't relate to me as well as yourself ? for am not I mentioned at the beginning ? Lord C. did not regard him ; but after a little struggle between them, drew the paper out of his hand.

Now did my eyes as narrowly watch his lordship, as they had before done Sir William : and no tender mother, whose beloved child in a surgeon's hand was about to undergo some very painful operation, ever viewed it with a more careful eye than I did my poor letter, in order to see what use lord C. would make of the power he now had over me. Generously did he use it ; for coming to me, and bending one knee to the ground—

RECEIVE, madam, said he, the captive I have set at liberty : more of your mind than

D 5

you.

you choose to let me know voluntarily, I never will seek to learn. I scorn compulsion of any kind, and would not use it, though by so doing I might possibly gain the knowledge of some great happiness. My happiness, Madam, is entirely within your power ; but I will not seek, by any means, to wrest it from you, rather choosing by my own behaviour first to endeavour to deserve the blessing, before I even ask it of you. Yet as generosity has ever been the principal mover of all your actions, and the least benefit conferred by others, with you was never known to lose its due weight--Do not, dear Miss Harrington, be cruel only to me. Do not keep me in suspense longer than is necessary. I urge you not to an immediate determination upon that subject we talked of this morning ; only beg, that when you have made one in my favour, you will generously let me know it, and make me thereby one of the happiest of men.

DURING this speech of his lordship's I had taken the letter and locked it up in my cabinet, after which Sir William, looking upon lord C. said :

THOU

THOU simpleton, to give power out of thy own hand, and trust it in that of a woman! Now do I hope she won't let you know your fate this month, for parting as you have with what would have obliged her to have fixed it before you quitted this closet. I had no intentions to read the letter myself; my design in taking it was to put little madam here in a great fright at the thoughts of my doing it. Upon which I concluded she would have been glad to come into a compromise with me, and, to save her secrets, give up the parade women on these occasion are so apt to make use of. In other words, I thought she would, for the sake of getting back her letter, have fixed her day.

HIS lordship's generosity, brother, replied I, has, I assure you, gained more in his favour, than all your compulsive treatment would have done, had you persisted in it ever so strongly. I am, I will own it, by nature meek, but I can't bear to be ill used, and when I am so can properly resent the injury.

PSHAW ! answered he, resent ! of what service would your resentment have been to you— at one of these points we should have had you— Either, Madam, fix your day, or we'll read your letter, where perhaps you have done it— Yes, yes, my pretty dear—chucking me under the chin (was ever any thing so teasing !) I make no doubt but our conversation made some impression upon you, and that you made some determination in consequence of it, though you would not declare as much to us. But then the affair being of such importance, to be sure, if entirely confined within your own breast, you must have burst with it ; therefore you flew to your closet, snatched up a pen, and by writing your mind to Julia, eased it of part of its burthen. Aye, aye, Miss, if you had refused to do it, your letter, I question not, would have spoke for you.

AND suppose it had, Sir William, answered I ; and granting that I had declared my sentiments to my sister, telling her the day, you in so precipitating a manner urge me to fix, what, let me ask you, would that have availed either his lordship or you ? Consider,
what

what I mention in confidence to Julia, is making no sort of promise to another person ; nor could either of you thereby receive the least benefit.

COULD you, after such detection, answered he, have had the confidence to have gone on with your parade ? Could you---Pray, Sir William, interrupted lord C. no more upon this subject, I beg you ; I can't bear to see my angel distressed in such a manner. Then, to change the discourse---Miss Harrington, said he, that picture which hangs over the chimney is a well drawn piece, and very like you.

'Tis generally esteemed so, replied I, and of my sister Cordelia's drawing, Sir. Really, said he, she has a fine taste and manner---Why the performance, for so young a lady, is quite surprising !

OH, my lord, cry'd Sir William, my sisters are all of them extraordinary creatures ; they have the sciences of Apollo and the Muses
amongst

amongst them—Cordelia paints, Julia sings and plays—nay, sometimes composes too ; and Miss Constantia—she is a poetess—she every now and then retires to the closet here, and, mounting her Pegasus, takes a little journey up to Parnassus.

WAS there ever such a brother as our brother, Julia ? Surely this day he was determined to do all in his power to distress me ! Now shall I doubtless be teased by lord C. to shew him some of my writings in the poetical way ! What occasion had Sir William, I wonder, to mention it.

HE had no sooner done so, than his lordship, looking upon me with great meaning in his eyes, was going, I dare say, to ask for a sight of some just then but very fortunately for me, at this instant Miss Charlotte Randall (who is still with me) entered the dressing room, saying—Mr. Gibson and his three sisters are just alighted at the gate from their coach ; so the discourse broke off, and we all went down in order to receive the company.

It

It is now near two in the morning, so I won't at present write any more, but let alone giving you an account of the conversation which passed during this visit, till some other opportunity offers to

Your

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss HARRINGTON in Continuation.

Jan. 11.

I KNOW not how it is, but sleep seems to have forsaken me. My imagination is so continually employed, as to leave no room for sleep to enter; it was near three before I attempted to close my eyes last night, and yet I rose at six this morning, owing this restlessness,

ness, perhaps, to the hurry of spirits my wicked brother put me in yesterday; for indeed such violent commotions are not instantly got over, at least with me. But I will not begin upon the subject, which not being of a very agreeable nature in itself, reflections upon it can't possibly be so.

THE visit from the Gibson family---This shall employ my pen, till I am called down to breakfast, to which we met, as usual, at nine. Indeed Sir William regulates all his domestic actions by the rules set him by our late dear father; and the tenants and servants of the family have no reason to regret the change of masters, any otherwise, than every one must the loss of so good, so worthy—Oh, Julia! how my tears flow at this remembrance! The loss, so recent! I must drop that subject—I can't write calmly upon it; for as yet my poignant grief when thus revived, breaks in upon me like a torrent, which for a while banked out, if it can break the bounds, receives new strength from its confinement, and bears down all before it. Are not you on such remembrance, affected thus? But I am cruel; why

why do I ask the question? It must pain you; why do I give my sister pain?

MR. Gibson and his three sisters—No, it won't do, I can't write about them. Airy conversations! they suit not my present turn of mind. Bless me! what can be the matter! What a strange way am I in! What flutters at my heart! I thought I had better got over the loss of my dear father than I find I have. I'll write no more at present, for so very dull myself, I am sure my letters can't be any sort of entertainment.

I WILL read till breakfast time, and by that means, if it be possible, draw my thoughts from off my own concerns, by attending to those of other people. Here lies a Spectator; I can't have a better adviser, I am sure, or one more capable of teaching the art of governing the mind properly, and reducing passion, whether arising from grief or joy, within due limits.



Eleven in the morning.

HIS lordship and my brother are rode out, so I have now for certain two hours, which I may securely spend in writing. But I won't be too secure without good reason neither: my yesterday's fright will teach me caution, and I shall for the future lock my closet door, whenever I am writing upon subjects of a particular nature.

THIS, however, the first I shall touch upon this morning, can't be deemed, at least not of the particular nature I don't care my brother should inspect; since he himself is one of the principal actors in the scene I am going to describe.

WHEN lord C. Sir William, Miss Charlotte, and myself, quitted my dressing room yesterday, we proceeded to the great parlour, where we found Mr. Gibson and his sisters.

THESE ladies, you know my dear, are fond of making their remarks upon all kinds of people, and doubtless came that afternoon on
purpose

purpose to criticise upon the person and behaviour of lord C. I am sure neither the one or the other passed unnoticed; for with the utmost attention, during all the time they stayed, they (in my opinion not altogether so civilly) regarded both.

Now do I long to be acquainted with the observations of each lady upon the occasion, which curiosity I believe is quite natural to our sex in general; though individuals of it very often suffer by gratifying that curiosity; hearing, perhaps, disagreeable truths from the lips of others, which their own blind partiality in favour of the beloved object makes them incapable, or at least, unwilling to discover.

Miss Gibson enquired after you and Cordelia—And pray, Madam, said she, with a kind of sneer, too habitual to her countenance—Has not Miss Cordelia got a *lord* in *her* train yet?

No, answered my brother for me---Delia is of a meek humble disposition, Miss Gibson; she never was aspiring after very high matters,

ters, or desirous of emulating her elder sister. A baronet, with a good estate, contents her.

AND no very great sign of humility neither, reply'd Miss Sukey Gibson; for say what you will about titles, family, and such sort of nonsense---all mere baubles fit to catch fools---there being in none of them any real, any substantial good---Tis money, a fine estate---yes, yes, that's the life of the trade.

How very commendable in you, Miss, returned Sir William, to praise the origin from which you so lately sprung! Yes, Madam, money is certainly the life of trade, and trade the life, that is the production, of money---For that money springs from trade, you can testify; since in trade your late good father, within our memory, got money sufficient to purchase that estate, your brother now enjoys.

RATHER severe, this of our brother, was it not, Julia!—But then Miss Gibson deserved it, for Sir William is too polite (except now and then to his sisters; you see I can't forget the closet affair) to have shocked the lady by
thus

thus bluntly recurring to her original. Neither does he despise trade, he has too much sense; and on the contrary, I have often heard him say—

THAT even those who fill with honest industry the lower branches of that respectable tree, he looks upon as far more useful and valuable members of the commonwealth, than the persons who live entirely at ease on fine estates, like drones; revelling on the fruits of the painful labour of a set of worthy creatures, who prepare for their use all the necessities and conveniencies of life.

BUT his retort silenced not only Miss Suckey, but both the other ladies, I suppose, lest they should meet with the same; for they never once, during the afternoon, touched upon what is said to be a favourite topic with them—despising of ancient family, &c. Now this in them, considering their very great want of it, is certainly a very foolish kind of behaviour, since it often renders them liable to mortifications upon that score, which they otherwise never would meet with—From their
equals

equals in that particular they could not fear it, nor from superiors neither, if they would act with prudence in the new sphere of life they are engaged in, since from gentlemen, *real gentlemen*, one doubtless would expect to meet with politeness; and it is most certainly one of the highest infringements upon the rules of that politeness, to reproach such as behave well in the station they then fill, let their original have been how mean soever, with that original; it being a thing they could not possibly help, the order of nature, and not of their own choice.

IN my opinion, it is equally ridiculous in those who are derived from ancient family, to boast of it, and for the very same reason; since that as well as the other is the effect of chance. But all which I can say upon this subject, will not be so much to the purpose as two speeches in the *Conscious Lovers*; but I shall quote them from memory, being too lazy to rise for the book.

WHAT I mean is in a dialogue between Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand upon the above subject.

subject. ‘ Mr. Sealand tells Sir John, he is
‘ surprised to find, that a man-like him, who
‘ has so many better advantages to boast,
‘ should rely so much upon mere family.’—
He had been joking upon this, if you remember, Julia, concerning his Duke Johns, &c.

WHEN Sir John replies—‘ I never, Mr.
‘ Sealand, knew any man despise family, unless he was conscious of his own deficiency
‘ in that respect.’

I DON’T, my dear sister, give you these as the identical words of the play, I only endeavour at the purport; since they express, better than I could have done, my sentiments upon the present occasion, of the Miss Gibson’s despising family, and the reason why they do so.

ALL the time of their visit after this, the subjects of conversation were quite general, and they were very civil. As to the brother, he is, you know, a truly inoffensive being; he never launches out of his sphere (one mark,
at

at least, of his understanding.) He never aims at wit, but on all occasions discovers a great deal of good-nature, ever ready to join in a laugh when a smart thing is said by any one, but particularly his sisters, who seem to have taught him to pay an high regard to their wit, which I doubt not was exercised, after their return home, abundantly to our disadvantage, and the entertainment of the good 'squire; for I dare say their reflections upon us all were very plentifully bestowed.

BUT now, sister, I must ask your advice about the manner you think I ought to act in by lord C. Don't you think in that closet affair, he used me rather ill! At last, most indisputably, he behaved quite well; but then was he not highly blameable, for suffering me as he did, to be teased so long? Therefore, for this offence, ought I not to punish him, by not fixing the day at a long time to come? Oh, Julia, this fixing the day, of such importance to the
happi-

happiness of all my future moments ! how tremendous does it appear in the eye of

Your

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miss
RANDALL.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 12.

I HOPE my dearest girl received my last, giving her an account of my arrival at this place, though she has not yet been so kind to send me one line in answer. But see, Letitia ! what power you have over me ! No slight of yours can alter my affection, or make me less assiduous in using my utmost endeavours to shew it. And as conversing with you is one of the highest pleasures I enjoy, I strive to

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supply

supply the loss which I sustain by cruel absence, by making my pen continually employ itself in your service, when it most faithfully explains the dictates of my heart; an heart entirely yours.

BUT, charming creature! how many more marks of love, next to adoration, wilt thou expect from me, before I am to receive an assurance of being beloved again? Think, oh think, my sweet angel, what I must consequently suffer in my present situation! Absent from you, and hourly before my eyes an happy man (such is lord C.) near the attainment of his utmost wishes---His pleasure but augments my pain--a pain at present scarcely tolerable.

I DAILY press my sister to complete her lord's felicity, and fix the wedding day, as then she would take a journey to London, paying a visit to her aunt Mountague, and I, my dearest girl, once more be blest with thy society. I scarcely live now I am from you. You alone employ my thoughts. Ah, Letitia! does my absence give you pain? Can you

you now relish the lively pleasures of the town? Does your bosom ever heave a gentle tender sigh for me? Could I but be assured of this, some part of the uneasiness which now afflicts me would be abated. Give me then, lovely creature, this kind assurance! Intrust a letter to the care of Mr. Renholds, who will enclose it to me, with the same fidelity he delivers this to you.

THE heart containing a lock of your hair, and engraved with the cyphers of your name, with what pleasure do I contemplate! No miser ever viewed his bags of gold with greater rapture! Yet like a miser I am not contented, but would augment the store—I want your picture, for that would yield me a more substantial joy. Your picture I certainly will have whenever we meet again; and will my dearest girl vouchsafe to receive mine? Do, Letitia, let us exchange our hearts ourselves this way, and every other; for, oh my charmer! till you are wholly mine I shan't, I can't be happy.

How many reasons have I to wish my sister married? For when she has left the hall, one of our greatest bars (I hope to *mutual* pleasure) will be removed. Then I will wholly reside here; and you, returning to your father's, what frequent opportunities shall we have of being together! Delightful prospect! how I enjoy it! And as to what you once urged with regard to your sister Charlotte, I can now remove all fears upon her account: she will prove no obstacle to our designs, since my friend, Mr. Renholds, has promised to be my companion in this pleasing expedition; he will try to engage Miss Charlotte's affections, and I make no question but she soon will his; for how will he possibly be able to withstand the charms of such an accomplished woman?

OH, Letitia! what an happy double connection shall we then form! How will our days roll on in one continued round of pleasure, when we shall meet—

*To part no more, but circling years employ,
In endless bliss and never-fading joy!*

Tell

Tell me, tell me, dearest girl, you wish with me the time was come for putting it in execution.

I AM doing all in my power to forward the scheme. In the first place, I endeavour to ingratiate myself, as much as possible, into the favour of your father: he seems pleased with my company, so I hope will suffer me to be a constant visitant at his house. And, my dear girl, as you know every bar to pleasure ought as much as lies in our power to be guarded against, you must forgive me, if I make use of some little deceit, in order to promote our mutual scheme of happiness.

You are a woman of strong sense and clear judgment, and therefore must plainly see, it would not be adviseable, by any means, for us to form a sacred union, till I have cleared my estate of those debts, which I have owned to you I contracted without my father's knowledge, during his life-time—A secret, my sweet love, I entrusted with you, from whom I wish no secret to be hid; but which, upon my honour,

nour, is unknown to all the world besides, except the man I owe the money to—He is a Jew, who let me have the whole sum in order to clear my debts; but for it, I have for some time, and still continue to pay him, extravagant interest.

I HAVE most certainly been a sad fellow, but now I see my folly in a proper light; and besides, I now have an estate sufficient to support me, if I relinquish (as I here religiously promise to do) all love for gaming. And likewise to make yearly some provision to sink the debt of 10,000^l thereby contracted; which when cleared, I shall have nothing to concern myself about, but to compleat my happiness, which can only be done by your sharing it with me; for to pass my days with you, is what my soul most earnestly longs for.

BUT, dear girl, you know I must not let your father come to the knowledge of this affair; and yet, it is absolutely necessary, somehow or other, to amuse him; since he would doubtless, if we were to be frequently together,

ther, enquire into our motives and designs. In this respect, how cruelly are we circumstanced? We must not, cannot own the real truth; and therefore to make him easy, and remove all suspicions, I have, since this time of my being in Hampshire, given him under the seal of strong secrecy and friendship, the following account of myself; charging him never to mention it to any of my family, no, not even to his own daughters.

‘ That since my being in London I am become acquainted with a lady of great merit, who, I have reason to think, returns the ardent passion I often breathe forth to her. But she being under age, and her guardian (she is an orphan) having a design of marrying her to his son, I am prevented from publickly owning the affair, as his consent, I may be pretty certain, never would be gained in my favour, since by suffering her union with any man but his son, her fortune of 30,000*l.* would be lost to his family. — That it is three years before she will be

‘ of age, so I can’t, before that time, hope to
‘ be happy.’

No deceit is this part of the story, Letitia, since in less than three years I can’t possibly discharge the cursed debt.

‘ BUT my passion being strong enough to
‘ surmount far greater obstacles than this, I
‘ am determined to wait with patience, pro-
‘ vided I can be assured of the lady’s concur-
‘ ring resolution.’

THE design has succeeded according to my wishes; for though I am prodigiously gallant with your sister Charlotte, (as I own at all times I endeavour as much as possible to be, on purpose to try him) he does not seem in the least alarmed at it; but on the contrary, once whispered in my ear—

- WHAT, Sir William! you are practising, I see, in order to keep your hand in against you see your Amelia—(the feigned name I have given my supposed mistress.)

THEN

THEN with your sister I am not altogether idle. I am incessantly speaking to her in praise of Mr. Renholds—Tell her how much he admires her character, and longs to be acquainted with her; insomuch that I believe she will see him with great impressions in his favour, as I am sure he will her; for when last in town, I spared no pains, to prepossess him with an high regard for her.

AND I have done a thing at which she would seem to appear displeased ; but in reality I am sure is not so—For, pardon me, Letitia, making this observation—Vanity is the inhabitant of the breasts of most women ; and even a Charlotte Randall does not appear to be without her share.

YESTERDAY I was at your father's house, and had the honour of being admitted into that closet, where you and your sister usually, I am told, sit and read, work, &c. Over the chimney there hung several little miniature pictures; and I must own, I carefully examined them, in hopes of finding there the portrait of my angel: but I was disappointed; it had

E 5. been

been there your father told me, but was at that time taken down in order to have the glafs of it mended.

PLAGUY unlucky this, said I. Why fo, Sir William? I'll tell you, Mr. Randall— You muft know I am endeavouring to make a collection of beauties; fo whenever I meet with faces in miniature (for fuch are the kind I feek for) like thofe of your daughters, fo very beautiful (he was pleafed with this, I can affure you; for his countenance brightened upon it, although he faid, No compliments, Sir William, I beg you; my girls are very well, but not beauties) I always ftéal them. Therefore, Sir, don't take it amifs—I muft rob you of your little Charlotte; and let Mifs Randall take care of herfelf, for if ſhe takes to her old poft while I remain in Hants, I moft indifputably ſhall put her into my pocket too. I took down Mifs Charlotte's picture.

SURELY you are in joke, Sir William, ſaid your father. No, upon honour, Sir; quite ſerious, I can affure you. But I ſuppoſe this
piece

piece is of my sister Delia's drawing, so you may easily repair the loss, by letting Miss Charlotte take a trip to Bath, where she may sit again; and she, I dare say, will have no sort of objection to the scheme. Pretty angel! kissing the picture.

No, no, girls are fond of gadding. You are, Sir William, the most general gallant man I ever met with; and really, for all your professions, I can't help thinking, that it is your Amelia's *fortune*, and not her *person*, which binds you.—A general admirer can't fix to one.

OH, Mr. Randall! you must be sensible of the difference between mere acts of gallantry, and real affection. And truly, the case is very hard, if a man because he is engaged, or indeed married to one woman, may not take a pleasure in looking at the rest of the charming sex. When Mrs. Randall was living, Sir, did you take no sort of joy in looking at other pretty women?

E 6

I DID

I DID not steal; I did not kiss their pictures, Sir William—Nor their persons, Mr. Randall! Did you never do that? Come, own now; even when married, did it not give you a sensible pleasure, to touch the lips of a fine woman?

You are a wag, Sir William---And you, Mr. Randall, condemned; you can't deny the fact; a fact, I am sure, much worse than stealing a picture to add to a collection---Besides, consider, I am not married, Sir.

THUS by the help of banter did I get off, and carried off Miss Charlotte's picture in triumph.

WHEN I got to the hall, I found her walking in the garden with lord C. and my sister; but calling her aside---Here, Charlotte, said I, what a treasure I have got!

MY picture, as I hope to live! said she. Lord, Sir William, where did you get it? What do you intend to do with it? To wear it

it at my heart. Thus (putting it there) shall it be ever fixed—affectedly sighing while I did so.

PHOO! cry'd she, you are a mere joker. Why, Charlotte, taking her hand, in the present case I really am, and I should hate myself if I was capable of deceiving a girl of your merit. I stole the picture out of your dressing room, which your father has been shewing me this morning; and told him I did so, in order to add one more to a collection of beauties I am making. But to you I'll own the whole truth—be so kind to walk this way; never mind my sister, she'll not be displeased at your leaving her alone with her lover.

WE took down a private alley; and there, my dear Letitia, I owned to your sister my affection for you—Said, I hoped in time you would favour my suit, but that at present you was rather cruel—Begged her though, as she regarded us both, not to disclose a single word of what I told her, to any one, no, not even to you; since I was not at present certain of your

your affection, and therefore greatly feared offending you.

BUT, dear Charlotte, continued I, acquainted as I am with your sister's person, as well as merit, it is not in the least surprising I should be enslaved. My friend Renholds—his is the strangest case! he fights for you, although he never saw you; he dotes upon your character; and, I am certain, only wants a sight of your person to complete the conquest.

FOR my part, having so high a friendship for him, I rejoice at his being thus captivated; it will confirm us more brothers in affection than ever. This picture I am determined to send him; it will give him some idea of your person; it will make him happy; and to do this, was the reason of my stealing it, though Miss, you will hear another story from your papa.

NONSENSE, cry'd she—Why surely, Sir William, you don't really intend to send the picture? I really do, Madam. Then you are very foolish, Sir, that is all I can say to the matter;

matter; and away she walked—not in her heart displeased, I am very sure, though she would have had me thought her so.

You see, my dear Letitia, when a man loves with that warmth of affection I do, what he will attempt to gain the end of all his wishes! My lovely girl! when I can once call you mine, how rapturously shall I be rewarded for all my sufferings, my anxieties, in this painful absence! Endeavour, my angel, to make it as light as possible, by writing frequently the real sentiments of your heart, to him, who with the truest sincerity, now subscribes himself

Yours, with the most unalterable,
and boundless affection,

W. HARRINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to the Honourable JOHN
RENHOLDS.

Harrington Hall, Jan. 12.

INCLOSED with this, dear Jack, you'll find a letter to my Letitia, which I beg you to deliver instantly upon the receipt of it, into her own hand; and if you can persuade her to read it in your presence, do, since you may then watch her countenance upon the occasion; and thereby, I hope, discover some tokens of love and tenderness for me.

I SEND the letter to you unsealed, in order to save myself trouble; since you may read that, as well as a copy, and having there *my* whole scheme before you, tell me, when you write, how you approve of it. And *your* scheme too, Jack—Don't you think you shall be very happy? Don't I provide well for you?—Since I don't deceive you in the least; for the picture

ture which comes with this letter, is really the portrait of Charlotte, and I think scarcely does her justice.

BUT are you not surprised at so large a debt's coming out so unexpectedly against me ? I should, Jack, I can assure you, if it was real. Be easy, my good friend, however, and applaud the story, formed to amuse the daughter as that of Amelia was for the father.

AND, Jack, dost hear, man ? thou must be in love with some Phillis, or Chloe, or other, before you come down to the hall in order to reside there. Some such story as this, I think, it won't be amiss to coin about you ; for if the old man believes we have left our hearts behind us in London, he won't be afraid of trusting his daughters with us ; for what danger can he fear from a couple of *heart-les*s men ?

BUT upon no account, I charge you, tell lord S. a single word of my design ; for what the devil is come to the man I can't imagine. He is quite

quite altered from what he was a few months ago ; he is grown so sober as not to relish any scheme of gallantry that is not what he calls—*truly honourable*. Well, well, let him please himself, and he won't offend me, since I don't want more of his assistance, I thank my stars, at present, than a lodging at his house for about two months more, as in that time I think, madam Constantia will be married, and settled in an habitation of her own : for urged to marry every hour, as I will urge her, and aided in it too by lord C. I think she can't long hold out.—Then, Jack, down to Harrington Hall you and I will fall, where blessed with the dear women of our hearts, we shall not envy kings.

AND yet I own at times my conscience rather checks me. Letitia is a worthy good girl ; and such worth is it not cruel to destroy ? But, madam Conscience, pray be quiet, I shall not destroy her worth ; I'll settle handsomely upon her ; I'll love her to the end of my days ; and if I do marry any other woman it shall only be upon the score of interest,
and

and the sake of an heir to my estate. The woman who brings me money shall enjoy my title ; but Letitia, who brings me joys unspeakable in the possession of her dear self, shall ever enjoy my tenderest affection.

I AM quite impatient to be in town, for I have a scheme of soon becoming master of my wishes, which I hope the dear girl will come into, as I think she can't possibly see through it ; if she could, I must at present have no hopes, for she is, I make no question, truly virtuous, therefore must be taken by a surprise ; for a premeditated yielding is, I am pretty certain, what I never shall be able to bring her to.

You'll seal the enclosed, Jack, give it to Letitia, let me hear from you soon ; and I charge you obtain a letter from the dear girl at the same time, to thy

W. HARRINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XL.

Miss RANDALL to Sir W. HARRINGTON.

London, Jan. 18th.

INDEED, Sir William, you are quite unreasonable—for but too many marks of fondness have I bestowed upon you already : Why do you then desire more, unless you see (as I fear you too well must) the power you have over me, and are determined to triumph in my weakness ?

AM I uneasy in your absence ? Can you with any justice ask that question ? Don't you remember how we parted on the evening before your setting out ? when my tears—Oh, folly ! how did I let my love appear ! But then, Sir William, to create that love, and make it shew itself, what fond endearments did you use ! Yet still you ask for proofs of love ! What farther proofs have I to give, within the bounds of virtue ? those of prudence already I
have

have exceeded ; for in some moments, when your soft persuasive tongue has almost charmed away my senses, you have allowed yourself freedoms prudence should tremble at : for though in themselves not criminal, yet when the bad tendency they may have over the mind is properly considered, I fear if discretion was to be our judge, she who granted them could not escape her censure. Therefore, when I have gone too far already, why do you ask for more ? Why distress me in this cruel manner ? Dear Sir William, if you know your power, use it not unjustly ; extort not marks of fondness from a woman, which, if she gives you, on cool reflection, you yourself must censure her for granting.

IN us, a modest reserve is what you men admire : can you then really love me, and yet seek to destroy, what if I possess, will render me more worthy of your love ? Your love I cannot, must not doubt, for such a thought would kill me, and—But stop, too forward pen ! transcribe not on this spotless paper the dictates of an heart too ready to speak its sentiments ; thou hast already satisfied Sir William's

liam's doubts—if doubts he had : quit then the subject, doating maid—expose thyself no farther.

As to the plan which you have formed for our frequent meetings in the country, I think it must succeed ; but, Sir William, I have many fears on the occasion—Mr. Renholds is to men, perhaps, a worthy man ; but with regard to women, his principles are said to be rather dissolute. Should he act a base part—should my poor sister fall a sacrifice to art ! I the occasion of her fall ! what unspeakable tortures should I suffer ! after such an event, not even *you* could make me happy ! Consider therefore, dear Sir William ! pray consider well, before it is too late, how you should act in this affair ; and unless Mr. Renholds will solemnly declare that his intentions by my sister are truly honourable, do not let him be acquainted with her more than he is at present. Let us not, to purchase happiness ourselves, involve a poor innocent creature in endless ruin ! Nay do not let us even hazard it.

THE

THE deception you have put upon my father I really can't approve ; I hate deceit ; and yet in our unhappy circumstances what can be done ? Oh, gaming ! thou bane of many families ! but I'll be silent on that subject, since I know it hurts you, and you have promised solemnly never to be guilty of it again.

I HAVE been at no kind of public diversion since you left London ; but spend my time pretty much at home in reading. Miss Harrington has been twice to visit me, and I her, as many times, at all which Lord S. was present, and I think every day gains ground upon the Lady ; yet I dare say this is a truth which she herself upon no account would own.—See how discreetly *she* acts on this occasion ? she fully proves my lord's affection, before she gives him the least opportunity of discovering hers. Not like *me*——But indeed I am not like her in any thing ; she is every way my superior. But then, to be sure, her high station in life gives her many fine advantages I cannot boast, for a woman in her station, may exert a power not allowable in mine, since men will ever pay their homage to birth and fortune !

Yet

Yet prudence in every situation we should pay a due regard to ; we ought not, on any occasion to deviate from her rules ; and the less a woman has to boast of personal advantages, or those of fortune, the more should she endeavour to adorn herself with prudence and discretion.. This is advice I can give to others, although perhaps I may not well have followed it myself, in permitting you so very early to discover the true affection which is borne you by

LETITIA RANDALL.

LETTER XLI.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Sir WILLIAM
HARRINGTON.

Surry-street, Jan. 18th.

I CAREFULLY read over, and then sealed your letter to Miss Randall, after which, I went myself to the Strand, and delivered it to her, according to your directions.

YES,

YES, yes, boy, she loves thee, set that down for a truth, as I can assure thee thou mayest. In her sweet eyes what a new brightness appeared when she received the epistle ! One of us fellows now, upon such an occasion, should have eagerly kissed such a dear token of affection from a mistress ; and she would have acted in the same manner, I make no doubt of it, had she been alone. This she was, very fortunately, when I entered the room, so that being a fit opportunity, I gave her the letter immediately. She was going to put it in her pocket unread, out of compliment to my presence, but I prevented her, saying, By no means, Madam, let me hinder your reading your letter—I take my leave instantly. No, Mr. Renholds, no said she, pray don't go so soon. The conversation of a friend, Madam, answered I, can't be held in competition with a letter from a lover—Indeed I won't suffer you to put it in your pocket till you have read it, that is carrying your complaisance too far. Come, we may both be employed : I'll look over this news-paper, taking up one which

lay upon the table. You are very obliging, Sir, said she ; and then,

*With trembling hand she broke the trusty seal,
Hoping important secrets 't would reveal !
The well-known character salutes her eye,
Her tender bosom heaves a gentle sigh !
Her lovely cheek with fresh vermilion glows ;
A smile of approbation she bestows
On every line, where lively stands confessed,
The ardent love which fills her Damon's breast*

I THINK, Sir William, I have quoted your own lines upon you in manner quite a propos ; nor can I give you a better description of Miss Randall's behaviour, while she read your epistle, than is in them set forth.

WHEN she had gone through the letter, she carefully put it into her pocket ; and though I asked her several questions of a very artful nature, and which I imagined would have led her unawares into making some little discovery of her sentiments upon the occasion, the little jade parried all my strokes with the dexterity

of an experienced fencer. I wonder where women get all their art ! do they come quite honestly by it, think you ? I could get nothing out of her, regarding her thoughts, either of you or myself ; so, finding she was my match, I let her alone, and fell into a general conversation.

YET, though she was a match for my artifice, I don't think she will for thine ! What an head hast thou for intrigue ! surely the art was born with thee, or else thou never couldst have been, at thy early time of life, so great a proficient ! Thou art indeed fit for the leader of such a pack of brave fellows as Tom, Bob, and I ; as to Charles, he is a mere poltroon : but more about him anon. Yes, I think Letitia never can escape the glorious plan of mischief thou hast formed ; plot upon plot, yet all hanging so well together, that I may say, in the words of Damon in the Chaplet,

The Devil's in her if all this won't do.

FAITH, Will, I am absolutely in love with Charlotte ; her picture speaks her to be an

E 2

angel !

angel! how I want to see the real identical woman! I love substantials, you know, airy diet suits not my constitution; can't you contrive to bring her up to London when you come? Yes surely she may with Miss Harrington. If she can't conveniently be at Mrs. Mountague's, she may still more conveniently for me, be at her cousin Chambers's, with her sister. You must, you shall, bring about this affair, or else I shall most cursedly repent refusing an offer I have done, in consequence of the hopes I have conceived of its succeeding.

A FRIEND of mine (not yours, no one belonging to the junto) came to me this morning; Jack, says he, have you a mind to a fine woman? Upon what conditions, replied I? The kind you'll like, I am pretty positive, returned he. Take all the particulars:

ABOUT three months ago, Lord P. brought up to London with him a tenant's daughter; a most charming girl, just sixteen, tall, well made, a perfect paragon of Beauty! He has kept her till now, but having commenced an
intrigue

intrigue with a woman of quality, begins to be rather tired of his Betsy, therefore would part with her to any man who could maintain her handsomely, he not caring to throw her upon the town.

FOR my part, I like the girl exceedingly, but cash at present is too low to suffer me to think of taking her into keeping; and knowing that you were at this time quite free from any engagement of this nature, I thought such an offer would be agreeable to you. See, Jack, I think of my friends whenever I hear of any thing to their advantage!

I THANKED honest Frank for his kind intention, and desired an hour to consider of the affair, upon which he left me, promising to call again in the afternoon, and then, if I determined to have the girl, he told me I should have an immediate sight of her, for that he would attend me that very evening to her lodgings. When he was gone I well considered the affair, and, after weighing justly every circumstance, it appeared to me in the following light.

KEPT by a lord for these last three months, during which time she most indisputably has lived in great splendor! will she not, from the taste of extravagant living she doubtless has contracted, expect a continuance of the same? My income is but small, and I may purchase pleasure cheaper. Then, again, my friend Sir William's proposition ought to be considered: a man can seldom well manage two affairs of the same nature together. For if I engage with this woman, and happen to like her, how shall I be able to assist my friend? I shall, I fear, but ill succeed in gaining the affections of Charlotte, if my heart was left behind in town, with Betsy. No, no, I'll have no sort of connection with Betsy I am determined; nor will I form any other scheme of gallantry but what my friend has planned for me. I'll live like an ancho-ret, till I see my lovely, my destined Charlotte; when my abstemiousness will heighten the splendor of her charms, and give double ardor to my wishes.

Now, Will, did I not make a noble sacrifice to her and you? and don't I, think
you,

you, deserve to be rewarded for such an exemplary instance of that great virtue, *self denial*? How would Bob Loyd, Tom Craven, (as to Charles, as I said before, he's a wretch) laugh at me, were they to come to the knowledge of the affair? They would tell me, that *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*—That *many things happen between the cup and the lip*, &c. But I disregarded all that might be urged against me, and accordingly, when Frank called in the afternoon, told him, That I was entirely sensible of his kind intention, and greatly obliged to him for the offer he had made me, but could not, for some reasons of a private nature, just then think of entering into an engagement of that kind. What, in chace of other game, said he, are you? But is the prey hunted down? Is your *dear* securely lodged yet, as this I have got for you is?

DON'T ask me any questions, good Frank, reply'd I; for so am I circumstanced, I really can't resolve them. He urged many arguments to convince me that I was a d—n'd silly fellow not to pursue both schemes, for

that if one string should snap, I should at least be sure of another (something in that, Will.)

BUT I withstood all his rhetorick. (Am I not a man of great resolution and great constancy?) So he at length gave over his persuasions, and left me, in order, as I suppose, to confer his very *particular favour*, upon another very *particular friend*.

Now if Charles was not grown quite a booby, this is an affair that would entirely suit him; for I dare say, the goddess he adores will not reward him for his services in many a long month to come. What a dreary prospect! To enliven which, he might take Betsy; since for my part, I have no sort of notion of a man's devoting himself soul and *body* to a woman, till she vouchsafes to devote herself in the same manner to him. By the way, don't this prove that I ought to have followed Frank's advice? But the expence it would lead to—no, I won't think of it, nor will I hint it to Charles, for I am certain he would reject not only this offer, but any other
of

of the same nature. In short, such an altered man as he is I never met with, nor could, but from the evidence of my own eyes and ears, have believed such a transformation possible to have been effected in so short a time. Miss Harrington—*His incomparable Julia* (as he calls her, when with an ardor, like devotion, he reverently mentions her name) has indeed with a vengeance bewitched him.

Now, Will, 'tis said that a rake is a devil ! Can witches conquer devils ? Is not such power, if really possessed by them, of new date ? Yet such power some of them most indisputably are invested with ; for Charles was a rake. I need not mention the consequent title. Miss Harrington is a woman—a pretty woman—her consequent title you'll apply too, and she has entirely subdued him.

BUT for that matter he ever was a sort of coward, and for this reason Tom Craven, Bob Loyd, and I, rejoice that he initiated you into our fraternity before he absolutely discovered himself to be one. You are far better quali-

fied for our leader than he, since I don't think he ever was right staunch : he was often very apt to be frightened at shadows, and on many occasions he has suffered his conscience to rise up, entirely destroying some favourite scheme.

Now he is therefore quite fit to be *married* ; all such poor half spirited devils are ; 'tis all they are fit for ; so let them be married we all unanimously vote, since he is not by any means fit to link in the same chain with such choice spirits as Will, Tom, Bob and Jack. We four will defy the world to match us ; and if ever we flinch in any undertaking, which tends to promote the happiness of either of the set, may the guilty, say I, be caught in an intrigue, and then be forced to marry the woman, after her disgrace is publicly known to the world.

ALL the junto present their duty to you, whom they now look upon as their leader, having been in such a scandalous manner deserted by their old general. And now, dear Will, hoping you'll soon come up to London,
and

and bring Charlotte with you ; that being his highest wish at present, it shall conclude this long letter from thy

J. RENHOLDS.

P. S. My servant has just given me an epistle from Miss Randall, which I inclose.

L E T T E R X L I I .

Miss J U L I A to Miss H A R R I N G T O N .

New Bond-street, Jan. 19.

I AM so angry with my brother for his usage of you, my dear, that had I the power of inflicting a punishment due to his crime, I should be at a loss what to fix upon, that would be adequate to his demerits.

THESE men really imagine themselves great people, and think they have a right to do just

what they please ; which air of consequence they assume, whenever they have to do with such good meek souls as you and my sister Delia. But girls of my spirit they dare not attack in such a manner ; I wish he had served me so, I would have been even with him, I'll warrant me. I would have given him some arch hint relating to his designs on Letitia ; and then his superior wisdom might again have made as simple a figure, as it did once before, when I gave him my case of instruments to play with.

Poor Miss Randall ! unhappy for her, I fear, was that day when she first became acquainted with him. You never, Constantia, saw such an altered girl ! She has no life or spirit in her now her *dear* (her *devil* rather, altho' my brother) Sir William is absent ; finely in for it, truly is she ! Oh, how my heart aches for her, if his designs should be base ! Good, I think they can't be ; for if he really meant to do, not perhaps what he, but I should call honourable by her, he would not endeavour to conceal them as he does from the knowledge of his sisters.

Sisters

Sisters who he well knows would disregard every other consideration but that of his happiness, even though the woman in their opinion, wanted merit sufficient to intitle her to an alliance with their family; which Miss Randall does not; for a more deserving girl I really never met with.

CAN you tell, Constantia, if he corresponds with her during his absence? (so tedious, I make no question, to their lover-like fancies.) I suspect it, but can find nothing out from her, though I have more than once winded her about upon the subject: however, it is of no great consequence.

LET him write letters (curious things, I suppose, if one could but see them) if he will, for letters can do no very great harm; and while he keeps at a distance she is safe, as— But I must break off, for Jenny says I am wanted below—a fine gentleman who will not send his name.



LORD,

LORD, Constantia ! and who do you think it was wanted to see me ? Sir Harry Millar ! Well, I thought he had entirely given over his folly, but was, it seems, mistaken.

HE had, on desiring to speak with me, been conducted into the dining room, where I found him alone, my aunt being in her own apartment, writing to her sister Crawford ; and at my approach he made me a most reverend bow, saying—

BUSINESS of the utmost consequence, Madam, draws me hither : you are a woman of sense, Madam, and such are said never to be won upon by compliments to their persons ; else, Madam, on so delightful a theme as that of your beauty, I could declaim for hours ; but, Madam, the mind is by all wise people held to be the noblest part of man, and consequently of woman too. For I have read somewhere, that the soul, in other words the mind, is a spirit ; now spirits are said to be of no sex, and therefore you see, Madam, that the mind of a man and a woman may be exactly the same.

PRAY,

PRAY, Sir, interrupted I, (no longer able to bear with his nonsensical speech, which there seemed no sort of likelihood he would put an end to) what is all this to me? I thought you said you came upon business?

YES, Madam, very true, answered he, and business, I can assure you, of the highest consequence, which I should have come to in due place, but I love to observe form and order in all things; and that is a quality I am certain a lady of your superlative fine sense must approve me for. On your sense, Madam, and your great discernment, I ground all my hopes, since the wise alone know how properly to reward merit. Be not blind then, angelic creature, (falling upon his knees) hear the petition of one who is in the utmost distress, and out of which, you, and only you, can relieve him.

SIR, replied I, my bounty is never denied to real objects of distress: 'tis true, my fortune is not very large, but I endeavour to do all the good with it I can.

You

You are all goodness, all perfection, uttered he, with a seeming great rapture—Your fortune is as large as I wish it to be, since my estate is—

MORTGAGED, I presume Sir, for ten thousand pounds, which sum I suppose, said I, you want me to lend you? But I am under age, so have no power; you should have applied to my brother, Sir, he is trustee for it.

L E N D me the money, Madam! I hope you'll *give* it me; and he took hold of my hand—No, no, you mistake me, I am no borrower.

How, Sir! counterfeiting great fright—you are not, I hope, one of those vile impostors, who, under the specious covering of a laced coat, gain entrance into people's houses, in order to rob them? Pray let go my hand; I won't be held—Nay, (violently struggling on his refusing to quit it) if you don't unloose me, I vow I'll call for help. He then let go his hold; and, stepping back a few paces, stared

stared in my face, great amazement appearing in his own. At length, after some pause—Are you mad, Miss? said he; and happening at the same time to put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief or snuff-box, I suppose, gave ample room for me to make another mistake.

I RAN to him; and, laying hold of his arm—Heaven! heaven defend me! cried I—Sir! good Sir! do not pull out a pistol. I have an utter aversion to them, and shall certainly faint if you do.

MAD, stark mad by heaven! said he. Why, Madam, when you are in these strange fits, you really ought to have better care taken of you; and lest you should scratch people, I think it would be proper to tie your hands.

I PUT on a look both of fright and intreaty, saying, How! tie my hands! No, pray, Sir, don't; you need not, for indeed I'll make no resistance. Here—(putting my hand into my pocket, and taking out my purse, together with my watch, both which I offered him)—

Take

Take these, and if they won't content you, give me but leave to step to my own room, and I'll send you down immediately any sum under fifty pound you shall demand. I can't let you have more at present, that being all the ready cash I have by me.

FIFTY pound, Madam ! (staring) fifty pound !

INDEED, Sir, 'tis (for I don't deceive you) all I have to give you ; 'tis, as I told you, all I am mistress of at present.

GIVE me fifty pound, Madam ! What do you mean, said he ? I really don't understand you, Madam.

I WISH I did not understand you, Sir, answered I. I wish I had not reason to fear that my life is in danger, and that you are—What, Madam ? interrupted he hastily.

A SHARPER and a robber, answered I ; that is what I take you for ; pray heaven I may be mistaken.

A SHARPER !

A SHARPER ! a robber ! (putting his hand upon his sword) Blood and Fire !

FRIGHTFUL words, Constantia, were they not ? And I took occasion to be dreadfully frightened at hearing them ; for holding up my hands in a supplicating posture—Spare my life, cried I, in a piteous tone, and forgive me, if I have without design, affronted you.

No, Madam, not without design, I fancy, answered he, since Miss Harrington seldom does things without design—But ladies may say any thing. If a man had dared to call Sir Harry Millar by the names of sharper and robber, he must have eat his words from off the point of my sword, I can assure him.

ARE you Sir Harry Millar's champion, Sir, said I ? His champion, Madam ! Yes, returned I, but perhaps you don't understand that word, for so it appears to me by your repeating my question instead of giving an answer to it. Therefore I'll make it quite plain to you—If any man affronts Sir Harry Millar,
does

does he employ you to resent the injury and fight for him?

EMPLOY me to fight for him! what do you mean, Madam? You must know me for Sir Harry Millar himself, though you have been pleased to treat me in so scandalous a manner.

You Sir Harry Millar! cried I, starting-- Lord bless me! How have I been mistaken? I beg your pardon, Sir; indeed I do.

WHY, Madam, replied he, is it possible you should not know me? Have you forgot the conversation we had together, about a month ago, at the play-house?

No, Sir, I have not forgot it---and (looking hard at him) I now recollect all your features perfectly. Forgive me, Sir Harry, the egregious mistake I have been under all this while, in taking a man of your rank and consequence (at these words he seemed to plume himself) for a robber. But now, own yourself, whether or not your asking me for money

money might not very reasonably lead me into such a mistake ?

I ASK you for money, Madam ! replied he again, a little discomposed.

YES, Sir. Did not you say you hoped I would give you my fortune ?

AND I hope so still, I do assure you, answered he---yes, and your sweet self into the bargain, Madam. Faith I am glad we are come to a right explanation at last ; in troth, at one time I began to be confoundedly puzzled, and could not, for the blood of me, tell what to make of you ; one mistake came so fast upon the back of another, and all, it seems, through my own folly. Now, Madam, you must know I had a mind to put an agreeable surprize upon you ; therefore would not send up my name by your servant, only bidding him say a gentleman wanted to speak with you. What a world of bustle has this occasioned ? And now the mistake is once cleared up, lest you should make any others, I will take particular care to speak plain.

I LOVE

I LOVE you, Madam, with an immense affection. You are in possession of every corner of my heart; and my fortune being such as I think your brother cannot object to, I hope in a short time to confer upon you the title of Lady Millar.

SIR, replied I, I honour you for your plain dealing, and will follow the amiable rule which you have set me; acting myself in the same manner. I, therefore, at once tell you, that what you offer I never can accept.

NOT, at first asking, I do not expect you will, returned he; for it is not the way of you women to say yes at once. But Madam—I beg you will consider of what I have said to you; so for the present I will take my leave, but will wait upon you to-morrow about this time, in order to learn your determination concerning—Madam, your most profound admirer. As he uttered these words, he made a most profound obeisance to me, and quitted the room.

Now

Now, dear Constantia, do not scold me for acting in such a ludicrous manner by the poor animal. For such a fair occasion how could I possibly withstand, considering the odd kind of humour which is generally my companion? But I will promise you not to trifle with the creature any more; for when he comes to-morrow morning, I will gravely, and gently, give him an absolute denial.

SURELY, sister, you will now very shortly come to London? Pray do not keep worthy Lord C. too long in suspense, for I shall be very angry with you, if you do; and I most heartily now join with his intreaties and those of my brother, that you will fix his happy day. Aunt Montague also begs you will. Old women, my dear, love to preside at a wedding, you know, and she is determined to do so at yours. She says she will never forgive you, if you do not keep it at her house. But I need not trouble myself to tell you what she says, since she will write to you herself by to-night's post. She wanted me to inclose the letter, but I told her it would not be in my power, my own of itself would be such a great quantity

quantity; so she has got a frank of Lord S. which answers her purpose full as well.

LORD bless me, though! what a bustle we shall quickly be in? Such a fuss about wedding cloaths—such doings. I love all kind of hurry and racket, so wish they were begun. Pray dear girl now, since all these affairs are entirely in your power, do not postpone them upon any unreasonable foolish punctilios, but as soon as possible make Lord C. and all your relations happy!

AND now for one thing by the bye. Lord S. has told me (but in high confidence said he did so) that Mr. Renholds is in love with Miss Charlotte Randall by character, and that he wants prodigiously to see her. This, however, Lord S. said, he learnt by chance, not being trusted with it by Renholds—so much the worse, for such kind of men when they have bad designs are always very careful whom they trust. And it seems Lord S. is not held in that very high esteem among the pack he used to be—so much the better—I am sure I like him the better for it. But to return to
the

the hint he gave me, I think it ought not to be slighted, for we can't tell but there may be a scheme on foot, to draw in poor Charlotte as well as her sister, therefore—(but pray don't say I ever mentioned any thing of this kind to you, for fear of bringing Lord S. into a scrape about it) if a journey to London should just at this season be proposed for Charlotte, my dear Constantia ! endeavour all you can to prevent it, most sincerely advises your truly affectionate

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLIII.

SIR WILLIAM HARRINGTON to the Hon.
JOHN RENHOLDS.

Harrington Hall, Jan. 22d.

WELL my dear friend, at last the day is fixed for my coming to London. Constantia is fairly beat out of all her play, and has appointed the time for making Lord C. (to use his own phrase) *completely happy*. But what is to render him so? Matrimony—much good may't do him say I, I don't envy him his feast, for though I am very fond of ortolans, I should not choose to dine upon them every day. He is in high raptures at the thoughts of being shackled, as high in all appearance as I should be, if as near possessing my dear Letitia upon my own free terms, with the mutual inclination of the charming girl! But the grave wise folks tell us, Jack, that in this life we are not to expect any kind of happiness quite complete; so I must not expect that Letitia will yield to my wishes without reluctance, without some foolish struggles when it comes

comes to the point, which will in some measure rather mar the bliss. For as a poet justly observes

*Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing!*

But some way or other I must, I will, obtain her. I never before, Jack, in all my life was so taken in by a little gipsy! I think of nothing else but her all day; I dream of nothing else all night, and in those dreams my lovely girl is pictured so transportingly kind, that on my waking I exclaim with our modern Sapho,

*If sleeping I can thus be blest,
Let life be all a dream.*

OH, Jack! I never felt the tediousness of absence till now; but I thank my stars, it is almost at an end; a few days more will bring me to London, and the presence (would I could say to the arms) of my beloved girl! yet arrived at that highest pinnacle of bliss I shortly hope to be, since the scheme I have

laid for that purpose I think can't fail me ; if it does, I'll never plot again.

I HAVE, I can tell you, had a devilish hard task with my sister, to make her consent to be married so soon. But being determined to carry that point, upon which an event so very material to my happiness depended, I never ceased urging her, and have at last got the day. Therefore, Jack, I would not have thee write to me any more while I stay here, for fear I should happen to be set out before the letters reach the place, and then they may chance to fall into hands which might perhaps occasion sad discoveries.

ENCLOSED you find another letter for the queen of my affections, which I send unsealed as the former, that you may read it, and see how highly you are obliged to me, for staking my honour for your good behaviour as I have done.

No good news for you, poor Jack ! Charlotte can't possibly come to London ; her father (confound him) has got a fit of the
gout

gout which confines him to the house, and so truly his daughter must stay and nurse him. My wife sister gives it as her opinion, that she ought to do so; and such an oracle is *Miss Harrington* with the Randall family, that they always adhere to whatever she pronounces. Therefore, my friend, in the country must your Charlotte stay. But don't let "thy noble courage be cast down." Comfort thyself with the certainty thou hast of soon being with her in Hampshire. And then!—I say no more.

I HAVE wrote to Lord S. informing him of the time of my setting out for London, for this common civility obliged me to, since I intend to make his house my home, during the time of my stay there. But I mention not a word of our private concerns to him, for that were just the same thing as telling them to my sister Julia. A man, Jack, that can once bring himself to have so high an opinion of a woman's personal merit (money out of the question) as to determine to marry her, thinking his happiness depends upon being tied to her for life, will, in consequence of

that very high opinion, think her fit to be trusted; not only with his own concerns, but even those of his friends also.

LOVERS must some how or other employ their time, and those who address upon the formal matrimonial plan, after they have worn out the theme of passion, compliment, &c.—not daring to fill up the vacant space, by making use of those pretty initiatory triflings you and I practise with women; it being our maxim, to arrive at bliss by any accidental road we may by a lucky chance happen to fall into; theirs to follow the beaten track; from pursuing of which, it being so very tedious, their spirits are apt to flag; and they not caring to appear stupid in the eyes of their mistresses, proceed to entertain them with a recital of past events. Here the secrets of their dearest friends are offered up, by way of incense, at the shrine of the goddess they adore. Now Charles is at length become one of these doating fools—so, Jack, let us not trust him with any of our secrets; for our reputations are too tender to be handled by women.

BUT

BUT pen begone—I'll write no more at present, being so shortly to see my friend, and pray take care that Tom and Bob hold themselves in readiness to spend a jovial evening with us at the King's-Arms. My love to all of them; take care to seal and deliver to my angel the inclosed.—Thine affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to Miss RANDALL.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 22.

HOW many times have I read over my dear girl's letter? It is in her absence the only pleasure I can taste! Oh! Letitia! if you knew what I suffered, how would you pity me? I know your nature to be tender, soft, compassionate, yet noble! and noble

G 4

minds

minds are ever sorry for the ills which they occasion. Those ills my charmer can, and *only* she can, cure, by returning my love and rewarding my passion !

I HOPE she does return my love ! her letter is a kind one : but dearest girl ! call me not unreasonable in desiring proofs of love, in still desiring them. Is it sufficient to allay the burning thirst of a fever, to tell the afflicted person he has drank, and therefore does not need another draught ? Ah, Letitia ! the fever of my passion is not abated, but increased by those assurances you give me ; and the malady thus gaining ground, can I, ought I to be blamed, if I apply to the only person who can relieve me ?

Do not, charming creature, be fearful of trusting with an unlimited confidence, the man you are very certain loves you more than himself. Give him the transporting knowledge, of being really beloved again. If it is true that passion fills your breast, do you, can you, doubt my love ? Can you think that I will ever quit you in order to form any other
con-

connection? If my Letitia can harbour such injurious thoughts of me, if such thoughts can possibly gain the least ground on her belief, I am indeed, and ought to be in her opinion, quite unworthy of her love, since with justice she might despise a man who could have even the most distant thoughts of abandoning her, and whose heart, though once engaged, should be of so fickle a disposition as to be capable of change, after being fully acquainted with her boundless merit. Yes, my lovely! my in all respects incomparable Letitia! It is your merit which is the strongest hold over me; your person, without all dispute, is charming, but the graces of your mind as far excel it, as those of your person exceed the common run of women.

I REMEMBER part of a song which speaks my sentiments upon this head exactly.

*For ever methinks I with wonder could trace,
The nameless soft charms which embellish thy face!
Each moment I view thee new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy*

[mind.

Un-

*Untainted by folly ! unsully'd by pride !
There native good humour and virtue reside—
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.*

WITH what unspeakable delight do I ever listen to your conversation ? And your power of transporting me in this particular, will every day increafe ; since you are so continually laying in a new fund of knowledge, by the close application you make to the reading of such authors as have wrote for the benefit and instruction of mankind.

Now after having been informed upon what kind of basis my love is founded, can you scruple trusting me ? Can my dearest girl be afraid I will ever deceive or abandon her ? Surely she cannot. I never will deceive you ; for by the hopes I have of your being mine, I here most religiously swear—that I never yet did, or ever will, make you one promise I do not intend most punctually to perform. And the same I can venture to affirm for Mr. Renholds, with regard to your sister. To convince

vince you more fully, I'll stake my *honour* for him, that he never will deceive her. You look upon him as a man of dissolute principles you say, but I can assure you he is a man of honour, even in regard to *women*, and would as much as myself scorn to make use of a promise of marriage in order to ruin a woman. And for my part, upon my soul I swear, I should from my very soul despise that man, who could act so great a piece of baseness, as to use a sacred promise of performing a sacred act, only with design to deceive a woman thereby, and draw her into other measures—even though he was my most dear and intimate friend. Such at present is, and ever will be, Mr. Renholds, unless he does any thing so vile as to forfeit that friendship, which most indisputably he would, if he could be capable of acting in any other way by Miss Charlotte than that I am resolved to do by my Letitia. But, for my part, I have no sort of doubts concerning his honour, so very certain am I of his being at heart a worthy man; and this is the reason I wish him to be rewarded with so great a treasure as your sister, who, but for
G 6 your

your being her competitor, would be incomparable !

AND now, my dearest girl, I hope I have answered all your objections, and satisfied all your doubts, with regard to the intentions of my friend ? After what I have said, surely you will not be averse to letting him be personally acquainted with Miss Charlotte ? whom I had a scheme of bringing to town with us, but Mr. Randall's gout renders it impracticable.

OH, my charmer ! how I long to see you ! And what an happiness it is to think that I shall have that pleasure in less than a week ? My sister has fixed her day for making lord C. happy. Oh, that I was as near the full completion of all my wishes as he is of his ! Dear Letitia ! were that possible, should you be averse ? Would you not, with equal passion, if all obstacles were removed—I dare say no more ; I know your excessive delicacy, so will spare it. But yet Letitia, when you come to this part of my letter, I flatter myself,
though

though your sweet face may be overspread with blushes, your blushes will be those of kind consent, not anger.

ADIEU, my angel, till I see you, which I fancy will be in five days from this; and believe me to be

Yours, sincerely and affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

P. S. I don't ask for a written answer to this letter; but on the instant of my arrival in town will wait upon you for a verbal one.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

Miss CONSTANTIA to Miss JULIA
HARRINGTON.

Harrington Hall; Jan. 23.

I HAVE, my dear sister, at length yielded to the earnest solicitations of Sir William and lord C. I have fixed the most important event of my whole life ! That day which will join me to lord C. past all power of being disunited but by death.

YET I am not well satisfied with myself for having done so, for I fear all the world must censure my conduct upon this occasion. How precipitate have I been ! My father dead but a little above four months, and I, his daughter, to have so far forgotten his loss as to think of giving my hand in wedlock ! Surely this appears like a disrespect, or at best, not paying that due regard to his memory which might have been expected from me.

I HAVE

I HAVE been hitherto, by my dear partial friends, extolled for my prudence, and just propriety of acting. Those partial friends have set me often as a pattern, in that respect, for other young women to follow; but alas! dear friends, you did not fully know me; your fondness made you blind to all my failings, while it held before your eyes the magnifying end of the perspective, through which you viewed my small perfections. This misled your judgments, and you mistook the appearance only of common conduct, for true prudence and discretion; virtues you attributed to me, who never till now had an instance given me of proving whether I really possessed them or no.

BUT now the trial, the grand test is come; and how do I sustain it? Oh, love! what numberless errors dost thou lead our weak sex into? And yet it is not merely love which causes me to act thus; for had I, my dear Julia, (greatly as I will own to you I love lord C.) been left to follow the dictates of my own judgment, I should not so early have forgotten what was due to the memory of the best of
parents.

parents. No, my sister, believe me, thy Constantia would not, if full liberty had been granted her, have acted thus against her reason; for my reason plainly tells me, that in the present case I do wrong.

BUT then, may it not be thus objected against me? You are, Miss Harrington, at age in the eye of the law, so of consequence are mistress both of your person and fortune. Who has any right or authority to controul your actions? Your brother, it is true, may advise you, but can't compell.

THIS, undoubtedly, at first hearing, sounds like justice; but as every case may have two different turns at least given to it, let us try the argument fairly.

I ASK then, whether strong persuasion from those we love, is not in effect the same thing (though in its method it is different) as compulsion? Nay, whether upon a generous mind, intreaty will not have a greater influence than force?

THE former, though at first the heart may not relish or approve what it leads to, will find its way, and be in some measure regarded, when of course it softens the mind and relaxes the passions, creating wishes of compliance, though perhaps the task may seem too hard to be complied with. Whereas on the contrary, compulsive treatment, locking up its avenues so much the faster against the measures it so impolitically laboured to accomplish, corrodes in the breast and hardens the heart.

HAD therefore my brother endeavoured to controul my will; had he peremptorily told me I *should* fix the day; had he gone on with that kind of treatment I met with from him in the dressing room, resentment, doubtless, would have armed me, and I should have resisted all attacks of that nature.

BUT he assailed me in a different manner, cloathing his words with soft persuasive eloquence, exerting all his art; and of art, my Julia, you well know our brother has an ample share. No man of his age (heaven grant he came honestly by his knowledge) has a
more

more perfect one of our sex ; and from what I have on this occasion experienced of his dexterity in managing any point, and his capacity for obtaining any end he is strongly bent upon, I pity the woman he should please to attack, though even for the most unlawful purpose ; since I am sure she must be endued with a most uncommon share of sense, virtue and prudence, or else by such arts as his she must certainly fall.

You used to think I had a tolerable knack at argument ; and no woman, for my years, has perhaps had greater practice that way than I have, it being ever the delight of my dear father to hear his girl enter into a debate with any one who would condescend to engage her. In all disputes of this kind I generally used to come off a conqueror ; but then what was the reason ? Was it not in the presence of my father I spoke ? and did he not often help me out of a labyrinth, wherein, without all doubt, I should have been entangled, by kindly throwing in some fine observation of his own ; thereby giving me time for gathering fresh strength in order to renew the argument, and like-

wife

wife of gaining hints to carry it on properly, by what fell from his lips.

BUT now his *diamond*, as he fondly used to call me, ceases to sparkle; the light from which it used to receive its lustre is shut from it. Yes, Julia, I have lost my succour in affairs of this nature; and now my brother triumphs—Yet triumphs over what? The prudence of his sister! How strange a conquest! But it is strictly true; this is the point he labours, and labours it with his utmost zeal; for I never knew him shew a greater anxiety to succeed in any one particular, than he has done, in order to bring me into those measures he at length has wrought upon me to comply with, and to which I am so much surprised at myself for having so soon assented.

I THOUGHT myself at the beginning of the combat quite secure; I doubted not success, relying upon the plea I had to make, which was my father's recent death, and which I imagined would have been strong enough to baffle all his arguments against it, should he attempt making any. But instead of being over-

overcome himself, he soon pleaded away all the force of what I alledged.

OH, sister ! what an excellent counsellor he would have made if he had been bred to the bar ? And this makes the wonder less, that the justest causes are sometimes lost ; because, he who pleads in favour of the unjust, happens (as I doubt is often the case ; for being conscious of their want of merit, they will constitute art in its room, and for that reason endeavour without all dispute to get an artful pleader)—If therefore, I say, he who manages the cause of the unjust party, happens to have a superior share of wit and ready elocution to him who speaks in favour of the just, he will first puzzle the cause, and then by the mere force of rhetoric, explain away, by specious and artful arguments, all its real merit. This was the method practised by my brother ; and by which, notwithstanding I had justice so evidently on my side at the beginning, I was in the end quite vanquished.

ONE thing however I insisted upon, and I believe 'tis commonly observed in all such cases—

cases—It was, that when the bridal month was past, I should be allowed to re-assume my mourning, and wear it its due time : and this request was not objected to by either of the gentlemen, they both agreeing it was proper and right—Lord C. declaring he would conform to my appearance, and put on mourning too, if I would suffer him to become a part of our family.

Now, my dear sister, I have as clearly as I am able, stated the case ; and what do you think of it ? Do you blame me ? Could I do more than I have done, in order to withstand the repeated persuasions of a brother whom I so entirely love ? Not to mention, which I think I might in my own defence, the strong partiality which it may be concluded pretty readily must sway me in favour of the person he pleaded for ; and whose own single request, unassisted by my brother, I should not have hesitated complying with, but that I thought it an infringement upon the decent regard I ought to pay to the memory of my father.

IT

IT is now too late to ask advice, either of you, my Julia, or my other friends. I should, if determined to have been guided by such advice, have applied for it before; and not have stayed till the determination was made, and my promise actually given.

SUCH kind of behaviour on the like occasions, is what those men who have but little wit, (and consequently are at all times, where the least opportunity offers, fond of shewing and making the most of it) are continually ridiculing our sex for—They say we never ask the advice of our friends till we are first in our own minds determined how to act; and that we then apply for their opinion in hopes of having our judgment strengthened by it, and not with the least intention of altering our course, should their advice clash with our own designs.

Now I am resolved not to fall under the lash of these and other observations of the like nature; for all I shall beg of my *friends* is, to forgive me if I have acted wrong; to seriously

riously and impartially consider the motives and incitements I had for so acting; and that they would attribute my behaviour, on the present occasion, to its true cause, which I most solemnly declare was the intreaties and persuasions of my brother—A brother, of whose judgment, when he allows it to exert itself, unbiassed by passion, (which must be the case here; he can have no interest in this, but what arises from the part he takes in mine; so on that account I ought to think he advised me to the best of his judgment) a judgment I ever had, and with the greatest reason, the highest opinion of, as I said before, when unbiassed by passion, and whose advice in any thing relating to my own concerns, I ever was fond of taking. He then advised, persuaded, and both very strongly, how could I resist him, loving, as I do, the man he pleaded for?

BUT I shall tire my Julia's patience upon this subject; yet how to write upon any other, I know not, this is so near my heart; and to act right, at least what is in their opinion so, I believe every one would choose to do as far they are able; for which reason, if we have
done

done what in our own minds we stand condemned for, and of course are apt to fear the same from other people, how fond are we of aiming at extenuation, although perhaps at the time we are doing so, pretty certain that all our endeavours will be ineffectual.

SHALL I then cease to write, or go on upon this subject? Dear sister, let me pursue it—let me lighten that weight which now oppresses me, by giving a part of it to you, to whom I long to talk upon the occasion, but debarred that happiness personally, must make my pen speak for me, and transcribe the workings of a mind agitated beyond measure, on the thoughts of a great important day, that day so near approaching.

I REMEMBER I said in a former letter upon this subject, that on such occasions as these it is right to think; now I am sure, if thinking is of any advantage, I do not lose it. I think sufficiently, and till I am entirely turned into thought, having seemingly almost forgot the art of speaking. But then of what
use

use is now my thoughtfulness? it only adds to my disquiet. Is not the event fixed? can I alter it? I should have thought before; and so I did; yet to what purpose, may it not be asked? and I reply, to the same I conclude most women do, who are in the same circumstances and situation.

PERHAPS when some obvious objections have been raised in their minds by that friendly monitor *truth*, (ever the companion and attendant of conscience, if she will endeavour to cultivate her acquaintance) they will, for some moments, attend to them, owning the justice of the facts; but these being rather of a disagreeable kind, are on that account repugnant to nature, who quickly exerts herself, by endeavouring to alter, and thereby render more palatable, the bitter potion. Passion, every one will allow, is strongly implanted in nature, and by it she would be drawn every moment into difficulty if reason was not given her by way of a check thereto: now reason, for the most part, maintains her ground pretty well, till love

approaches, who ever is in firm alliance with passion, and but too often with credulity. These powerful opponents reason is too weak to combat long, so that at length she is overcome, and taking her flight, leaves nature entirely under the direction of passion, who teaches her to pay an implicit obedience to all the dictates of love, however repugnant they may be to those rules before given by reason.

But still I will aver, Julia, that *love* had not so far blinded my *reason*, as to have made me act as I shall act, if I had not been over-persuaded by my brother.



THE same post which brought me yours, brought also a letter from my aunt Mountague, containing, as you intimated it would, an invitation of celebrating my nuptials at her house. I accept it; and so I inform her in a letter which accompanies this, but not *in* it, for the same reason, Julia, as hers to me could not be enclosed in yours. Surely
there

there are not two such eternal scribblers as you and I again to be met with! Now the epistles I usually receive from my other correspondents (Cordelia excepted, for she treads pretty much in our steps) are seldom carried beyond the limits of one sheet of the common-sized gilt paper; and we—oh, what unreasonable girls! seldom stop till we have blotted three, sometimes four. Blotted I may very justly say, at least of that I shall now send you, for making such haste as I have been obliged to do in the writing of it, some, nay many blots, could not well be avoided. The gentlemen rode out in the morning for near three hours, and in that time I penned down all you meet with before you come to the break off I was obliged to make, in order to dress, and attend at dinner.

I HAVE now given them the slip, but suppose shall not long remain here in quiet, for I expect every moment a call down, so I will not pretend to begin my letter to my aunt, in which I shall inform her of the day on which I shall be in town. Oh, sister, what an agreeable, yet at the same time disagreeable, train of

thinking am I thrown into whenever I reflect upon this journey and its consequences !

THE pleasure I promise myself in seeing my aunt and you fills my breast with great joy ; but then, after that joy, what next must follow ? my engaging in an entire new scene of life : an event, which let it prove ever so bad, or contrary to my expectations, cannot be altered.

THIS, whenever I think of it, makes me very grave, and sometimes occasions me to shed a tear ; yet surely I am of a strange perverse temper, for in the midst of all this seeming great affliction, if I ask my heart if it desires or would wish to be released of all its engagements to Lord C. it will not, forward thing as it is, stay till the question is well finished ; readily answering, it desires not to change its present situation, not being capable of forming a prospect more happy, than what it is likely to enjoy with him. For, indeed, my Julia, he every hour rises in my esteem ; and such an account could I give
you

you of his behaviour to me (now, since I have invested him with power, as I may say, by having fixed that period which absolutely will give it him); but I will not, lest, in the description, you should think me partial; though I might venture this, indeed I think I might, as your own observation so shortly would convince you, from the correspondence, I question not, there will be between his actions then, and those past, which I had given you an account of.

HE observes such a respectful tenderness whenever he talks with me, and yesterday morning—

PHOO—I am called away—no, no, Sukey, I won't give them the trouble of fetching me, I'll come instantly.



Twelve at Night.

No account shall I give you of Lord C.'s courtship, my brother has prevented that.—

H 3

When

When I went down in the afternoon—Your employment above, Madam Constantia? said he. Pray what do you meet with so very entertaining in that dressing room of yours, that you are continually, if one does not very narrowly watch you, running thither?

I HAVE been writing to my sister, Sir William. All the morning too, was you not? returned he. Yes, Sir, I was, answered I, and what then? Nay, nay, that you best know, but I fancy I can guess, penning down a certain courtship, I suppose, for your sister, who will doubtless communicate such pleasing affairs to Mrs. Mountague. Poor woman! at her time of life she must be contented with the bare recital of such charming scenes. Don't you write an account of them to Delia as well as Julia? If you was charitable you should, that she may communicate them to aunt Crawford, since at second-hand only can she have them any more than her sister, for at first hand I'm afraid the poor antiques have passed all chance for them.

FYE,

FYE, brother, fye, said I, and here the entrance of Lord C. and Miss Charlotte put an end to the discourse, or else I can assure Sir William, I should have pretty handsomely reprimanded him.

You too well know, Julia, that for all his fine sense he does not always act right, or speak with that due reverence he ought of those worthy ladies. That mischievous talent, miscalled wit, into what absurdities will it often lead men of the very best understandings? for they who possess it are too apt, at all times, to suffer it to display itself, not regarding who, or what the subject is, they attempt to ridicule.

BUT I have not wrote an account of the courtship for the entertainment of any one, and so I can safely tell him.

MR. Randall has got a slight fit of the gout, but it serves, as I have managed the affair, as a pretence for Miss Charlotte's staying with him, and not attending me in my London journey. Indeed, Julia, I fancy your suspi-

cions concerning a scheme relative to this girl, are not intirely groundless; for a proposal for her going with us was suddenly, and pretty warmly made; but I gave it so strongly, and so gravely, for my opinion, that as Mr. Randall was confined to his house, by no means she should leave him. My brother was forced to give up the point and drop the subject, as I shall my pen. Adieu, my dear.

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLVI.

Miss CORDELIA to Miss JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, Jan. 26.

I AM greatly obliged to my dear sister, for her entertaining account of the behaviour of herself and Sir Harry Millar—poor creature! I do believe he is a poor creature naturally.

rally. But oh ! Julia, a man of sense, when treated as you treated him, would, in my opinion, have found it a matter of some difficulty to have maintained that character, when attacked in so odd, so unexpected a way. Well I do really think, that for the true spirit of banter no one can excel you—so says my aunt Crawford, so says Mrs. Stanhope, and the colonel, for Julia ; don't take it amiss. But indeed, all such lively parts of your letters I do read to them—they both admire you greatly I can assure you.

Miss Bab. Millar is at Bath, and who do you think besides ? captain Revel. Oh ! my dear, the most impudent man breathing, surely is he. He found out where I lived, and the morning after his arrival came to my aunt's, desiring to speak with me, telling the servant he came from London, and had lately seen my brother, Sir William Harrington, and Miss Julia. He did not send up his name, so I went down into the parlour immediately.

ON entering, a very smart, genteel figure of a man met my eye—he bowed respectfully.

H 5

Ma-

Madam, my name is Revel; I have the honour to be a little acquainted with your brother, much more with your sister. I saw them both well just before I left London, and now wait upon you to inform you they are well. I hope Mrs. Crawford is so, Madam? Mrs. Mountague is, for I drank tea at her house last week.

Now, Julia, what could one think of all this? Was there not great reason to imagine that he had told you of his journey, and that you had charged him with this message? This I most certainly should have concluded, if you had not in your letters given me so much light into the real character of the man, which I by no means approving, was determined to be upon my guard.

I ASKED him if he had got no letter from you for me? No, Madam, answered he, my journey hither was a sudden thing, and I did not see Miss Harrington after it was fixed, till the very night before I set out, otherwise, I make no sort of doubt I should have been honoured with such a trust.

Now,

Now, sister, I really did make a doubt of it; so I said, pray Sir, did my sister desire you to call upon me? No, Madam, there could be no sort of need of that, the pleasure of seeing you must be a sufficient inducement for me to make the offer.

JULIA, did he make the offer? I don't believe he did, or if he made it, I don't think you accepted it, surely you can't wish me to be acquainted with such a wretch? a noted fortune-hunter! such is his character here. He was most prodigiously complaisant to me during the time of his visit, which was for about half an hour; and when he went away, I did not ask him to come any more, which I fancy he expected I would have done—to be sure he thought the child would have been taken with his tinsel figure. He was no sooner gone than colonel Stanhope came; indeed they met at the door, and when he came in he said, So, Miss Harrington, a fine new beau you have got?

AN impertinent creature, answered I, I hope this visit will be his last as well as first—

Who do you think he is, colonel ? that Revel my sister mentioned in her letter, who was at the play with Sir Harry Millar.

HUM—said the colonel. What is the matter ? asked I. Why, Madam, the captain has doubtless heard, that it is right to have more schemes than one, so that in case one fails he may pursue the other. He comes down to Bath, I suppose, after Miss Millar, who arrived last night, and lodges in the same house with my sister and me ; but he has a mind to have a little trial at Miss Harrington as well as her. Madam, take care of him, he is an insinuating artful wretch—fortune-hunting is what he makes his whole aim. Indeed, if I might advise you, it should be not to be acquainted with him.

Now, sister, was it not quite friendly in the colonel to give me such good advice ? but he is a worthy man, a truly good man, and such are always real friends. This was on the Monday morning, and on Tuesday we went to the ball. Miss Millar was there, the
colo-

colonel pointed her out to me ; she has a good person, and a very sensible look, so I hope will have more discretion than to be caught by the captain. He danced with her, country dances ; but a creature ! whenever he came to me he spoke with the air of the most intimate acquaintance—talk'd of my sister, my aunt—to be sure, every body who heard him must think he had known all the family for an age. Miss Millar spoke to him in a low voice ; I suppose, asked him who I was, for he answered, Miss Harrington, Madam, sister to my friend, Sir William Harrington—a wretch, his friend ! Lord, Julia ! what a pass this world is come to ! but I fancy that reply was not intended for me to hear, and yet it might too, for London and Bath are at a great distance ; and he might not know of the very frequent, and minute accounts we sisters give each other, so might think in that manner to impose upon me, as well as Miss Millar. I like her appearance greatly, and should be sorry to have her fall a sacrifice to captain Revel ; for which reason, I desired colonel Stanhope to get acquainted with her (as he
may

may easily do, lodging in the same house) and warn her of her danger—but this he declined, saying, that he was not fond of quarrels, and if he was to interfere in such a manner, in all probability it might bring on one between the captain and him.

WHY, colonel, replied I, you ventured this once before—you did not regard it when you so kindly cautioned me?

O H, Miss Harrington! answered he, is there no difference think you between you and Miss Millar? You, Madam, are my friend, it was at the end of a dance we had gone down with, and were seated at the bottom of the room; he had hold of my hand, and prest it with the true ardour of a friend; such an ardour sister, as I can't tell how made my heart dance as fast as my feet had just done before; and yet though it seemed pleased, a sigh rose at the instant which I was forced to stifle by shamming a cough) You, Madam, said he, are my *friend*.—He laid as particular a stress upon that word in his speech, as he did upon my hand while he spoke it; and his eyes, sister, they

they looked so tender, so expressive the mean while, I do really think he has an high regard for me; I am sure I have for him; indeed there is not a man in the world I have so high a friendship for, except my brother; and that is a different case---I have an affection, a strong love for him.

WELL, though I can't prevail upon the colonel to caution Miss Millar, I am not without hopes of getting it done. Mrs. Stanhope may; he can't send her a challenge, you know, if through her means he should be robbed of his mistress.

I SEND a letter to my sister Constantia, by the same post which conveys this to you—Nay, I may as well inclose it to you, I think, for she'll be in town perhaps as soon as this letter can, so to send it to the hall would be foolish. I desire her to give me a very particular account of all that passes in London relating to her lord; and I hope, Julia, you will continue to do so likewise, regarding yours, and all other occurrences, which to read,

read, as described by you, is at all times a very high pleasure, to

Your affectionate

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLII.

Miss JULIA to Miss CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, Feb. 1.

UNREASONABLE girl! to desire your sister Constantia to give you a particular account of *all* her proceedings now in town. In the first place, she can't be supposed to have time; in the next, may justly plead want of inclination to satisfy your curiosity; for you must consider, that all the while she was writing to you an account of the pretty things which

which had been said to her by lord C. in the morning, she must in that manner spend greatest part of the afternoon, and consequently lose the warm pleasure of hearing new pretty things, in the cold repetition of old ones. Now such a repetition is very well, and what we are fond enough of, when incapable of meeting with any thing better; for in the absence of the beloved object, it is a clever way of rendering it in some measure present; but when it is present, when it is under the same roof, and desirous of being in the same room, can you think your sister will shut it out, and take up a pen to write half the day? No, no, Delia, when you come to have a sweetheart, child, you will know better how to prize your time; you will think it may be better employed than in writing an account of past events, when it has an opportunity of being spent in gaining new ones.

BUT what have I said? When you come to have a sweetheart! Hem—hem—dear girl, I beg your pardon—I beg colonel Stanhope's pardon too. For a passage in your letter here before me, gives a plain indication that he
has

has understanding enough to pay a due regard to the merit of Miss Cordelia Harrington—That lady who is his—friend. Now this *friend* of his has not an heart composed of flint; or if it is, that of the colonel being formed of steel, they have come to such close quarters as to have struck, and set each other in a mutual blaze.

Now, Cordelia, is not this true? On reading this part of my letter, don't you find the little sparks fly to your cheeks, occasioning a most uncommon warmth in them? Oh, what a sweet vermilion? Run, run to your glass, my dear, colour is very becoming—You never looked prettier in all your life! What a pity the colonel is not present to see you. I dare say your face was not overspread with a more lively glow when he electrified your hand at the ball. Poor dear! and was its little heart shot through? Naughty man, how could he serve it so?

LOVE, my dear, is the highest kind of electricity; it will ever, from a touch at the hand, convey itself with a surprising velocity
to

to the heart ; where (not like the common kind, which runs through the body and soon loses all its force after it has occasioned the first great shock) it fixes its station, and seldom or ever is to be dislodged. Cordelia, don't you find the pretty thrill still in your heart whenever you search for it, by reflecting upon the time and occasion of its being given? Don't you—But hold—

DEAR sister, forgive me; you know my temper, and that I cannot, when either writing or speaking, stop a lively fally—Out it will come, though at ever so great an hazard of offending my most dear and intimate friend.

BUT one truth I will make you own in my favour, which is, that I have hitherto been excessively merciful to you. Have I ever given you one touch about the colonel before?

No, Julia, you never did. But pray where is the favour of this? What reason have I given you for touches about the colonel?

AH,

AN, Cordelia! poor dear sister! Long, long have I, and not only I, but Constan-
tia also, found out your love for him; yet,
child, don't be greatly alarmed; make your-
self tolerably easy; for at the same time we
came to the knowledge of your regard for him,
we discovered his passion for you. I don't
think you knew, or even suspected it your-
self; in such a pretty artless manner were all
your letters written, but still those letters
plainly, very plainly, told us how the affair
stood with you.

HOWEVER, since you can safely say or sing,
just as you shall happen to be in humour; for
either will answer the same end—

I love him and he loves me——

Since the man is (and I have been making
strict inquiries about him here in town, I can
assure you) a man of unexceptionable cha-
racter; since though at present he is not in
very affluent circumstances, he will certainly
be heir to his uncle's estate and title. (The
latter

latter of great consequence in the estimation of most women, if they will candidly speak their minds. Now own truly, sister—Don't lady Stanhope sound charming in your ear?) And lastly, since I believe from the respectful, sometimes tender behaviour he now treats you with, according to all your accounts of the matter, you may have high reason to think if he was in proper circumstances he would publicly address you; (whereas now, fly devil, he contents himself with secretly loving you, in the mean time however leaving no art unused to obtain your affections) which it is pretty clear to us he has effected; and since the affair is as I have stated it, your brother and sister commission me to assure you from them, to which I subscribe my own opinion, that we highly approve your choice, wishing you all the happiness which we think a man of colonel Stanhope's character is so likely to secure to you; he being the sort of man in every respect, but age (in that we think the difference is rather too great) we should choose as an husband for our beloved Cordelia.

AND,

AND now, my dear girl, don't let my raillery upon this subject, which I own I have a little unmercifully exercised, hinder you for the future writing upon it with your usual freedom. No, my Cordelia, I beg it may not; for though I am flighty, pert, and often saucy, to all my friends, yet a more sincere friend than your Julia Harrington does not live. Believe me, my heart is warmly interested in whatever relates to your concerns; therefore sister, dear sister, once more I beg you would still continue giving me minute accounts of all which happens to you.

CONSTANTIA desires you would excuse her writing to you at present, knowing it will be a pleasure to me to do so; and as she is with me at Mrs. Mountague's, for us both to write is certainly unnecessary; she came to town last week, is quite well, and her lord, to be sure he is the most charming man that ever lived.



WE begin to be in a vast bustle, and only that I know you don't love bustle, I should wish you here. The wedding is not however to be celebrated with any great pomp in London; but a few days after it is over we are all, viz. lord C. my sister, Sir William, Miss Julia Harrington, and lord S. (who seems now to be become a part of that lady's wearing apparel, by choosing, as much as possible, to be hung at her apron string.) Aunt Mountague cannot be prevailed upon to take the journey; but the before mentioned great personages, in a few days after a great event is passed, are to set out for the seat of the earl of W. in Nottinghamshire, where, I suppose, there will be such doings! such joy! such a racket! as makes my heart bound to think of it. And then you know, plenty of finery of course must be made up, which we are to wear for a month, and then resume our fables.

Now, sister, don't you want to know what we buy? It is said by the men, that half the joy of being married to a woman arises from having fine cloaths, fine jewels, fine equipages, &c.

&c. And that this is the reason why they so often make silly bargains, their minds being so taken up by these important affairs, they cannot find leisure to think of the source from which they are to spring—That they marry glitter and show, the pride and delight of their hearts, disregarding, as a matter of small consequence, the *man*. Him they take without any consideration into the bargain, for better or worse, just as it shall happen to turn out.

THIS, and arguments of the like nature, have I often heard by men alledged against women on such occasions. But stop the lords of the creation ! You who vaunt yourselves upon your supposed superiority, do not too far exult till I have said a little more upon the subject, lest your fall should be the greater, when I have proved your sex in affairs of this nature full as culpable—perhaps more so than ours.

IN the first place I ask, what do you men in this age most commonly marry for? Is
with

with them a true affection for the object they marry, their motive?

No, for let a woman's charms, her personal charms, be what they will, and let their hearts be in how great a degree soever susceptible of *those charms*, there is another, a more powerful one, surpassing, in their opinion, all the beauties of the person, all the beauties of the mind. This is a kind of yellow metal, most attractive in its quality, which, if a woman has a sufficient quantity of, it as naturally influences the hearts of men, as a large magnet does the needle; drawing them to the point of matrimony, where they are fond of fixing, when in this manner led to it. But without this magic power, which very few, if any of them, are able to resist, though at first allured by beauty, and for a while led on by merit, if the object they admire has not in the catalogue of her charms that of gold, they will start from the point of matrimony, instead of fixing at it.

Now, men, by yourselves I will be judged in the present case; and if you can, upon your

honour, (about which you generally make such a rout; the only perfection you seem desirous of being thought masters of, and therefore of course would not stake it to any thing but truth) if you can with honour prove that you are not as much as our sex to blame in your motives for forming matrimonial connections, I will give up the point. And therefore upon this condition, submitting the dispute to your decision, I thus state the case.

THE men alledge against the women, that they are caught by glitter, show, and such like trifles, these being generally said and thought to employ their minds, and bias them in matrimonial affairs.

THE women retort upon the men, that they are entirely influenced by the magic charm of gold, wholly disregarding women of beauty and merit, if they have not money.

Now is not money said to be the root of all evil? What worse then can be said against them,

them, than that they are influenced by that power from whence all evil springs?

BUT, ye evil creatures, for the present I'll have done with you. Mercy on me! what a digression I have made---And from what? Will it be believed that any thing could lead a woman from her purpose, when it was that of buying wedding cloaths? Ah, Cordelia! it was not for my own wedding, but my sister's, else perhaps I might have been more expeditious.

SHE buys only two suits—one white and silver, the other a light purple ground, with a running pattern of flowers all over it of various colours, intermixed with a great deal of silver; it is a very rich silk, and I think the prettiest I ever saw. Two negligees, one a very fashionable silk; in my opinion, all it has to recommend it; for I don't dote either upon the colours, or the taste in which they are blended: the other a white tatin for the day of days! These are all she makes up at

I 2 present,

present, being so soon to put on mourning again.

I HAVE determined upon a dress like myself, rather whimsical : the plan to work upon is a crimson satin, but the petticoat is to be trimmed all over with a narrow blond lace scalloped at both edges, which being prettily placed upon that glaring colour upon the sleeves of the gown, part of the tail and the petticoat spread over a large hoop will make a flaming appearance. My ruffles and lappets are to be of silver blond. Shall I not be fine? And now I'll tell you the reason of my laying on such a quantity of silver—'Tis because I don't care in glitter to be entirely eclipsed by my sister; she has received such a noble present of jewels from the old earl, that if she was to wear them all at one time, she would look as if she was just arrived on an embassy from the emperor of Peru's dominions. Therefore as in this article I can't possibly pretend to vie with her—For what signifies my poor earrings, which cost no more than two hundred pounds, my four stars of fifty pounds each, a buckle

buckle and trifling pair of bracelets? These, though placed to ever so great advantage in the presence of my sister's, would appear like a few small tapers endeavouring to vie with the sun in all his meridian splendor. I must shine, you see, in what I can get, so constitute silver in the room of diamonds.

THAT impudent creature, Revel! I wonder at his assurance. I send him to you! No, indeed—(as Clarissa often says.) 'Tis true, he did see me at the play, and my brother too; but how see us? He in the side box on one side of the house, we on the other; he bowed to us, and we returned the compliment, which was all that passed. I have not, my dear, exchanged a single word with the man ever since that time he sat by Sir Harry. I was not at home when he came with his cousin Temple to visit at my aunt's; I was gone to see Letitia. Mrs. Temple, it seems, expressed great concern at my being absent, as did the captain; and upon my aunt's mentioning it next day before my brother—Doubtless, Madam, replied he, his eyes expressing a still farther meaning. Now, sister, you know I

am fond of gaining instruction wherever I can, so I said, You seem, Sir William, to mean farther than you speak; what do you know of Mrs. Temple?

THAT she is a lady who keeps as much and as genteel company as any body in town, sister Julia.

THIS won't do, brother. Pray tell me why you laid such a strong emphasis upon the word *doubtless*, when my aunt said she lamented my not being at home?

SHE adheres to the rule, that charity begins at home, sister; she is fond of her cousin Revel, and would promote his interest, not regarding what other family suffered by it, if it was in her power—

You don't seem to have a good opinion of the lady? said my aunt.

I DON'T know any body that has, replied my brother. Is she not notoriously known to be a packer?

A PACKER,

A PACKER, brother! What in the name of wonder is that? said I. Aye, what indeed? cried my aunt, I am sure I do not know.

I WILL tell you then, replied Sir William. A packer is one who is in league with a parcel of smart young fellows that are rather destitute of fortune, and for that reason are pushing for every thing which can make it. They therefore get acquainted with the packer; they support her rout by the appearance they make, which delights her vanity; and in return for this, she is to draw thither, as much as lies in her power, young women of good fortunes, whom she is to divide in parties at cards among these men, thereby giving them an opportunity of winning not only the money, but often the hearts of those girls, in this manner drawn in. Now, Julia, Mrs. Temple made a fair set at you for her cousin Revel. With what judgment was the party formed you played in at her house! Not a man in it except the captain you could possibly be the least engaged by, and he, to do him justice, very engaging.

L 4.

So,

So, Cordelia, here is a new class of females I never heard of before, the *Packers*. Well, I think the title suits the employment mighty well. But then, what a strange kind of a world do we live in! Mercy on me! why a young woman who has money, you see, can't pay a common visit without being in danger; for how can she tell but, in paying that visit, she may set her foot into the web of an old spider, who sits with design, watching to catch the poor fly?

I HOPE Revel's jaunt to Bath will not answer his end: as to you, if he had any designs—(and I can't tell, for my aunt Mountague now recollects part of a conversation able to create some suspicions of that nature.) It seems, after Mrs. Temple had expressed her vast concern for my absence, she asked my aunt if it was really true lord S. paid his addresses to me. Mrs. Mountague answered, she thought it was then so generally believed and talked of, as to remain a doubt in the breast of no one.

Miss

Miss Harrington is a charming lady, said Mrs. Temple; she deserves a lord. She has a sister at Bath, Madam, has she not? and another in Hampshire, whom I should have mentioned first as being the elder? Three incomparable ladies, all the Miss Harringtons! Fame, I can tell you, Madam, is very lavish in their praise.

Not more than they deserve, replied the captain; at least if the other two are as deserving as the Miss Harrington I have the honour to be acquainted with. Are the other ladies, Madam, of the same sweet lively turn Miss Julia is?

No, Sir, neither of them, answered Mrs. Mountague; my eldest niece is remarkable for solid judgment; her turn is rather grave, that is, serious I should say, for she is very cheerful at times, though never flighty, like her sister Julia. Julia is all life and spirit, a sad mad giddy girl! but I must not find too much fault with her, since I believe at the same age Arabella Mountague, though a mar-

ried woman, was to the full as gay as Julia Harrington.

BUT Cordelia ! she is the meekest creature, indeed rather too much so ; her excessive easiness of temper, if she is not taken proper care of, may lead her into as bad difficulties as the gaiety of Julia may : excessive goodness of nature, you know, Mrs. Temple, is liable to be imposed upon, especially by an artful man now for instance, who should be allured by her ten thousand pounds.

SHE is very young, Madam, is she not, said the captain ? Yes, Sir, replied my aunt, not quite eighteen, I think. Very pretty, Madam ? Generally thought so, Sir : but what do you lead me to ? how improper thus for me to praise my own nieces ! I beg the subject may be dropt.

IT was so it seems ; yes, Cordelia, the *packer* and the *fetter* had got the intelligence they wanted concerning you. A good full point too has since been made at the little bird by the *fetter*, I think ; but it escaped the net,

it flew up directly, and disconcerted all his art. Yes, sister, I do really think captain Revel went down to Bath as much upon your account as Miss Millar's; and that he may get neither is my sincere wish. I much approve your design of getting Mrs. Stanhope to give her a caution; for I really am of opinion, that it is the duty of one woman to prevent another from sacrificing herself to a worthless wretch, if by any means, not injurious to herself, she can do so. What a sad packer I should make with such notions as these, though: vile reptiles these! they ought to be extirpated, the whole race of them; what a world of mischief may they not do else among poor unwary girls!

IT is so near my heart I can't help mentioning that lord C. every hour rises in my esteem. Indeed, I think our sister can't fail of being one of the happiest of women; which that she may, and joining likewise my dear Cordelia in the same wish, shall conclude the epistle of your affectionate

JULIA HARRINGTON.

L. 6

LET.

LETTER XLVII.

MISS CORDELIA to Miss JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, Feb. 6.

OH, Julia! I could beat you, indeed I could, and don't you deserve it? Was it not very unmerciful in you, upon the immediate discovery of a wound, to probe it so deeply. But, however, as the best method I can think of, in order to stop the career of your raillery upon the subject for the future, I'll at once confess your penetration just, and now I hope your generosity will be wrought upon to spare me.

YET, sister, you must believe me sincere in the following declaration. I really, till you put me into a fright which made me look about me, did not know I possess any thing for Colonel Stanhope, beyond that common regard which one owes to every person of merit, and are apt to bestow upon one's friends alike,

alike, without distinction of sexes. But now, upon searching my heart very narrowly, I find lurking in one corner of it, a sort of tender uneasiness I cannot well describe; which uneasiness, however, I am sensible of only when the colonel is absent, for it is immediately dissipated whenever he appears. This pensiveness, however, I have experienced for some time, but I suspected not the real cause from whence it sprang, and intirely attributed it to the death of my father still affecting me, and not yet properly got over.

My aunt too has of late taken notice of my being at times rather grave and thoughtful, and kindly enquired the reason of it; to which I used to answer—Is it wonderful, Madam, that I cannot divest myself of sorrow?—Consider the loss I have so very lately had, of one of the best of parents! Then Mrs. Crawford, who was as much deceived in this particular as myself, would reason with me on the subject of my father's death, and try to comfort me. She would endeavour to prove, that to suffer too strong impressions of grief to seize one's mind on such occasions, was not right.

And

And then, making use of an expedient which never failed to raise my spirits, she used to send to Mrs. Stanhope, and her brother, requesting them to come and try to divert her poor niece. They generally were so kind as to comply with her request, and being my aunt's very particular friends, she would make no sort of scruple to tell them her mind very freely upon most occasions; so when they came upon such charitable visits as these, she would pursue her advice upon the subject of my grief, often begging the colonel to use his endeavours to relieve me.

HE, ever compliant to the request of a lady, never refused his aid, and would then enter into such charming conversations with me upon various subjects. For indeed, sister, the subjects were various, he never choosing any which were in the least particular, or which could tend to make me think his heart susceptible of any higher regard for me, than that of a most noble, disinterested friendship.

YET now you point it out, I can discover his art in all this, and that it was a way more likely

likely to succeed with me, than disclosing or giving the slightest intimation of a passion for me : for doubtless, before my affections were engaged, his want of fortune would have been a very striking objection. A woman, I believe, at the very beginning of affairs of this nature, while her heart is tolerably free, seldom cares to enter into engagements with a man merely upon reversionary expectations. Therefore, those men whose circumstances are in such a situation, must act with great caution ; they must begin upon the footing of friendship, making that a veil to cover their passion, until some very evident marks appear in their favour on the lady's side of the question, and then they may venture to make their proposals safely, since the poor woman has in her own breast as powerful a pleader for them, as all their persuasive, artful tongues can utter.

THUS—but where am I running ? Is not my sister Constantia to see this letter ? without all doubt Julia will shew it to her. And how poor, how very poor, in her eye must appear my endeavours to expatiate upon a subject I can't be supposed to have much knowledge of,

of, being so lately initiated into the science of love? I ought rather carefully to attend to the observations of others who have wrote upon it, and not pretend myself to give lectures.

BUT the colonel, if he proceeds as he has hitherto done, will really make me quite vain, he pays such great deference (not compliments) to my understanding. Now, Julia, perhaps I may not speak properly, or so as to make this clear, but indeed there is a great difference between the one and the other, between complimenting the understanding of a woman, and paying an high regard, a deference to it, as I said before. I wish I had Constantia's pen, or rather her knowledge, for she could instantly explain this point, I make no doubt. But I'll quit the task, which I own to be above my capacity to perform.

MRS. Stanhope I think, my dear, must be in her brother's secret, since she omits no opportunities of bringing us together; but on the contrary (as now you have opened my eyes I can plain enough discover) has all along
done

done whatever lay in her to promote frequent visits between her family and ours; and she has during those visits (without all doubt purposely) engaged my aunt in particular conversations, when you see the colonel was left at full liberty to entertain me.

ONE proposal this lady made too, some time since, which however my aunt to be sure was the occasion of, by saying, that the uneasiness she observed to hang upon my mind, she was fearful would in the end injure my health. Dear Mrs. Stanhope, what can be done for the poor girl?

NOTHING, Madam, answered she, in cases of this nature is better than exercise; does Miss love riding?

I STAYED not to let Mrs. Crawford reply, but answered for her; Yes, Mrs. Stanhope, indeed I do, - I used to ride a great deal when I was in Hampshire, but my poor little horse is now dead.

I wish

I WISH we could get another for you my dear, said my aunt, we will endeavour at it as soon as we can.

YOU need not seek far, Madam, replied the colonel, who was present, for I have one at Miss Harrington's service, that I can warrant in all respects fit for a lady to ride. And, Madam, if I may hope so great a favour, permit me to attend your niece in these airings, it will greatly oblige me.

DEAR Sir, answered my aunt, indeed I can't think of giving you so much trouble.

TROUBLE, repeated Mrs. Stanhope! I am sure he will think it none. Pray, Mrs. Crawford, let him go, for he has been ordered to ride for his health, only was too lazy so to do.

WELL, Julia, the scheme of the brother and sister took; (if it really was a scheme laid between them, as indeed I think it appears to be; what is your opinion?) My aunt, good woman, suspected nothing, she was quite pleased

pleased with any thing which could in the least degree tend to my advantage, so she at once complied; and after that, every morning when the weather would permit, the colonel and I, attended by his servant, and one of my aunts, have rode for about a couple of hours upon Lands-down, or Claverton, both charming places for such kind of airings; and certain it is, I received benefit from these rides, I don't know what the colonel did, or if his health was mended. But I never, let me go out in ever so low spirits, failed of returning in a very chearful, happy humour, which you, Julia, may attribute to the air, exercise, or what else you please. My aunt, however, received great pleasure at the alteration it gave my spirits, and this made her very desirous that I should continue my rides.

SUCH frequent opportunities, you may depend upon it, were not lost upon the gentleman, who used to charm me in these private conversations beyond measure:

For he would talk! good gods! how he would talk.

as

as queen Statira says of her beloved Alexander.

I BELIEVE I may have mentioned to you before, that I used to ride out with the colonel, but as I then suspected no art in the case, I did not tell you how it came about.

AND now, my Julia, I must consult you concerning a point I really can't properly solve. It is what I can't answer to the satisfaction of my own conscience. Mrs. Stanhope's behaviour on this occasion—

SHE is, without all dispute, a very sensible woman, and, I really believe, a very good woman—But then if she actually did (as I think she must) know of her brother's designs upon me, ought she not, professing, as she ever has done from our first acquaintance, so high a regard for me, to have apprized me of those designs, instead of helping him to succeed in them?

SHE is to be sure my superior greatly in wisdom, and therefore may better than I understand.

derstand what is right in such cases ; but in my opinion, if I do at all understand them, or judge in the least properly upon them, it appears to me that she has not, if she has acted in the manner I suspect, done absolutely right ; though I will not pronounce that she has done absolutely wrong neither, since she may plead a motive for so doing—a very strong one—the happiness of her brother ! if it is really true, that his happiness depends upon having me—this may excuse her. So you see, sister, one never should hastily condemn any person, because, when the argument comes to be fairly tried, what surprizing turns it will sometimes take in the favour of those, we before thought guilty. I am called away. Peggy says, I am wanted below.



OH, sister ! I am in such a flutter ! bless me ! it will never be over I think—what shall I do ? I don't know how to write—and yet I must ; for unless I tell you all about it, the big event most certainly will burst my heart—Well, it was so unexpected ! what shall I do ?
such

such uneven trembling lines—they will speak my situation—but how foolishly I preamble! Mrs. Stanhope was the person who wanted me.

WHEN I entered the room where she was—Dear Miss Harrington, said she, I am come with my brother's compliments to Mrs. Crawford and you. He begs me to plead in his favour, and induce you to forgive the rudeness he was forced to commit, in leaving Bath without first paying his respects to ladies, from whom he has received many obligations.

(My aunt was gone to church)—How, Madam, cried I, quite thunder-struck! indeed, sister, her words seemed to have given my heart such a strange kind of shock as I can't describe the nature of very well, it was so very odd a feel; first it seemed deprived of any motion at all, and then began to flutter to such a degree, as if it would have jumped out at my mouth, in order to get a little fresh air, and beat at liberty, in a place of less confinement than my poor breast—for a little while I could not speak, but at length got out—

GONE!

GONE! say you? left Bath! dear Mrs. Stanhope (taking her hand) what! what! Lord bless me!

SWEET innocence, answered she, smiling. Oh, my happy brother! happy! Mrs. Stanhope, cried I hastily—happy! what makes him so? Does going in such a precipitate way from Bath make him happy?

I HOPE the consequences of his journey will, said she. Last night, a man came post with a letter for him which imported, that his uncle, Sir James Stanhope, lay at the point of death, quite given over by his physicians, in a violent fit of his old disorder, the gout in his stomach; but begged, if possible, to see his nephew before he died.

THUS you find, my dear, it was necessary for the colonel immediately to depart. He delayed not, but instantly preparing for his journey, set out at three this morning; but before he went, he left a strict charge with me, to wait upon you, and make his excuses
for

for departing without seeing you, a thing you find in such circumstances impossible ; therefore, I am sure you'll pardon the seeming neglect, since you are no stranger to the occasion of it.

I BURST into tears in spite of all my endeavours to restrain them ; and in order in some sort to apologize for them, I said, Poor Sir James ! if he is still alive, what dreadful pain he doubtless suffers. The gout in the stomach, Mrs. Stanhope, is a most sad pain ; I once saw a person in it.

Is not a pain in the heart very dreadful too, my dear ? replied she.

A PAIN in the heart, Madam ?

Yes, my dear Miss Harrington, had you never a pain there ? or did you never see any body who laboured under that kind of disease, as well as my uncle's gout, which your sweet tears so charmingly pity him for ?

HERE

HERE my aunt came in, and released me from the artful Mrs. Stanhope's enquiries, who else, doubtless, would have found out my love for her brother.

BUT alas! has she not found me out already? What other construction, except that of loving him, could a woman of her great penetration possibly put upon the discomposure both my words and actions discovered, when I heard he had left Bath? And my tears! my foolish unguarded tears! Is it likely that people should cry for the pain and sickness of folks they never saw, or are so little acquainted with, even by character, as I am with Sir James?

No, no, Cordelia, depend upon it thy secret has escaped thee; thou art most certainly detected.

BUT, Julia, if Mrs. Stanhope herself has found me out, surely she won't expose me to any body else? She won't tell her brother? That would be wholly unpardonable in her if she did, don't you think so? And yet, I can't

tell what to hope — For as she has all along seemed attached to his interest, and by all the means in her power, endeavoured to promote him in my favour; now she finds he has so high a place in it, if such a knowledge will give him satisfaction, have I not cause to fear she will give him that knowledge? I am, you know, sister, only her *friend*; a friend newly entered in her list. He is her *brother*, and a great friend to her; a benefactor I am apt to believe in her husband's absence, who from lying some time unemployed before he got the command of the ship he is now captain of, I believe was not in extraordinary circumstances, so could not leave his lady in any great abundance when he went away.

Now with such high obligations as on this account, I am pretty certain she has from the colonel, may I not reasonably fear she will endeavour in some degree to return them, by disclosing to him the folly of the simple unguarded Cordelia Harrington? Simple indeed, but taken so unawares, how could she act? What could she do?



I WOULD

Feb. 7.

I WOULD not close this letter last night, because I was to spend the evening with my aunt at Mrs. Stanhope's, where I hoped to gain some intelligence concerning Miss Millar, so left it open that I might this morning insert whatever I should chance to meet with.

Mrs. Stanhope is become acquainted with Miss Millar, and invited her to meet Mrs. Crawford and me. She is, Julia, a very clever, a very sensible woman; about five and twenty she appears to be. Oh, how unlike her brother! according to your account of him, which I don't question the truth of, since she cares to say very little about him; and when that is the case, I always am apt to think there is not any great good to be said; for doubtless, sisters would be fond of raising a brother's merit, if they could do it by any other methods than at the expence of truth.

Mrs. Stanhope, after tea, led to the discourse I wanted to bring up concerning cap-

tain Revel, by saying, I wonder, Miss Harrington, who will be your partner during my brother's absence? You, Miss Millar, are still happy in retaining yours.

Not very happy, Madam, returned she, I can assure you; he is a far greater favourite of Sir Harry's than mine. I always choose to be civil to those people my brother seems to esteem, and that is the reason I dance with him here. He is intimately acquainted with all your family, Miss Harrington. I smiled, and not immediately answering, she went on, Nay, Madam, I have ever made it a rule, not to set down all captain Revel says for strict truth. Come, dear lady, don't be afraid of offending me in the person of my beau; tell me the reason of that expressive smile, which sat on your face when I asked you the foregoing question?

ARE you really a stranger to the true character of captain Revel, Miss Millar? said I.

I AM Miss Harrington; 'twas thro' my brother I became acquainted with him. Sir Harry,
for

for what reason I know not, is very fond of the man. It now seems to be dropt; but there used to be a great rout made about some very high piece of service the captain was to do for him.

OH, Julia! I could have told her what it was, but did not, you may be sure: however, I briefly told her the kind of character he in general bears—of his impudent manner of endeavouring to get acquainted with me, by pretending a message from you, &c. and in the end, I believe, entirely did his business for him.

THE lady very genteely thanked me for the information I had given her—said she was glad she had found him out. For, do you know, ladies, continued she, he has had the assurance to make love to me, and has been assisted too in it by those who ought to have had my interest more at heart, I think. But I never much approved him; I never encouraged him, so shall now very shortly give him a final discharge.

POOR man ! So Julia, he must again go to London, and rely still upon his cousin the packer. My aunt and I are greatly pleased with the title, and think it vastly expressive, so does Mrs. Stanhope and Miss Millar ; for having the letter in my pocket, I read the account of the visit to my aunt Mountague, and the conversation between you and my brother relating to it, the more fully to give Miss Millar a notion of her beau.

WELL, I do rejoice she is not to be caught by him ; but she is a woman of sense, so no great fear she should ; she won't be entangled like such a simple fool as I. This love, which the poets write such fine soft things about, how contrary its effects on me ! For in a strange kind of tumult at present is the breast of

Your

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

Miss JULIA to Miss CORDELIA
HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, Feb. 12,

I WILL begin a letter, sister, but God knows when I shall end it. I am quite full of news, and no time to write. I therefore must snatch every little opportunity I can find, in the hurrying situation we are in at present, and make my epistle a piece of patch work.

FIRST, a word or two concerning the first part of yours—Since my dear girl so candidly owns her true state of mind and heart, I will be all the sister; I won't add to the pretty little flutters she feels in her breast, by rallying her upon them. But pray, my dear, write to me again very soon. I shall long to hear an account of the manner in which Sir —

Stanhope behaves to you on his return to Bath ; and this curiosity, Cordelia, I make no sort of question you will gratify, since I shall encourage you so to do, by the minute relation I shall send you of all that passes here. For instance now, Mrs. P. my mantua-maker is in the next room, Jenny tells me, with my suit of cloaths to try on—Here is an important article for you.



You can't think what a fine figure now is writing to you, red and silver from top to toe, fitted to a nicety. Gown just what I would wish it. Mrs. P. is running up a little bit of trimming which I think will be an addition ; and I am so vastly notable, I don't care to lose a moment's time, therefore write till she has done it. Here she comes—



UNDRESSED, stripped of all my gay feathers, and am the poor black daw again ; but I must not trifle, I have not time. Bless me !
the

the milliner with my head and such like trumpery—Hey, hey! no end of business—Shoe-maker too—Well, I shall surely in time be quite equipped. My sister is just in the same situation in another room, where she holds her levee; aunt Mountague with her, using, good woman, her best endeavours to support the poor creature in the arduous task of trying on all her finery, for—aye, for what? That is what discomposes her. You'll know how it is, Cordelia, when you come as near being married to your colonel.



Feb. 13.

VAST business to be transacted to day—signing and sealing against the *tremendous* to-morrow, as our sister calls it. Poor girl! now it comes so near the point she is just frightened out of her wits. But lord C. he does so nobly behave upon the occasion; such becoming spirit, yet such sweet tenderness mixed with it, that upon my life I could almost find in my heart to beat my sister for behaving so like a fool. She had best take care, I can tell her, for if she puts me upon my mettle,

K 5

I may

I may chance to give her a fling she won't like. Yet I will be grave, I will be as sober, as circumspect upon this very *solemn* occasion, as I possibly can. Oh, mercy on me! here comes the tragedy queen, just now entering the door of my chamber, that of my closet stands upon the jar, so I can see her—Such a sweet disconsolate figure---She has heard perhaps the disconsolate attitude is the most becoming. Did you ever see a mute at a funeral, Cordelia? If you have, it will give you a pretty just notion of hers that is now approaching me; she openeth the closet door. I am writing to Cordelia, sister, have you any thing to say to her?

No, no. Pray, good Madam, hold---Indeed, I vow you shall not. She wanted, my dear, to see what I had been writing, but I would not let her, so she is gone away, begging me to follow her down instantly. I must go, for I suppose the lawyers are come. Oh, her heart! now I'll warrant, how it flutters. As to mine, I can't brag of it. I do love my sister, and I think I have caught
her

her tremors by sympathy; I will follow her and see what is doing below.



EVEN as I thought; for in the parlour, upon a large table, lay parchments upon parchments---no end of them. Such a quantity---surely a lawyer must be a very profitable business, or else they let us have a great deal for money.

I WILL write a play, Cordelia---No, a farce, I think, I had better call it; for I fancy that title will better suit the purport of what is dictated by such an head, and written by such a pen as mine.

ACT the first. Nay, hold---I must give my farce a name though. What shall I call it?---Oh! *The Prelude to Matrimony.*---Now then---

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a large parlour in Mrs. Mountague's house; a table spread with parchments. Lord C. Sir William Harrington, Mrs. Mountague, sitting on one side---Gentlemen of the quill, gown, &c. on the other.

ENTER Miss Constantia, and Miss Julia Harrington, the former leaning upon the arm of the latter. In one hand a white handkerchief, together with a bottle of salts, and her eyes looking like the sun just breaking through a cloud, from whence a gentle shower had lately fallen.

LORD C. on their approach, rises to meet them, takes Miss Harrington's hand, and, leading her to a chair, thus speaks, while Miss Julia seats herself near Mrs. Mountague.

Lord C. Why trembles so my charmer?
Dearest Madam, be compos'd; for really your
too

too great anxiety of mind on this occasion quite distresses me.

Miss H. Excuse, my lord, a woman's weakness. Impute not, I beg you, to a wrong cause, my evident, too evident concern : behold yon papers---(*pointing to the table.*) Do they not strike you with awe? Consider that——

Lord C. I do consider, and thence springs my joy ; since I look upon them as the kind preludes to the greatest happiness my thoughts can frame—calling you mine for ever.

I DON'T love to dwell too long upon one thing, Cordelia, so shall only say, that a great deal more of the like passed between them as his lordship leaned over the back of her chair ; but they spoke in so low a voice that I believe no one except myself heard what they said, for I sat close by my sister. At length, the soothing of the swain prevailed ; the nymph was re-assured, and sat with tolerable

ble composure, while—to proceed with the farce—

THE lawyer reads over the articles of settlement, &c. no objections to which being made, lord C. most manfully signs them, then comes to Miss Harrington, takes her hand; she rises, leans one arm upon her sister, and walks towards the table---all her flutters, all her palpitations of heart returning. Mean while, Miss Julia Harrington whispers her.

INDEED, sister, you act your part very well, and shew an exceeding good memory; since I believe you have not read a fellow scene to this, as described in Sir Charles Grandison, a great while. And as you have gone on so well hitherto, don't, I beg you, forget the material part; remember when the pen is given you, you are to drop it. This will have a very pretty effect; it will give his lordship a fine opportunity of saying soft things to you, of taking up the pen, placing it in your hand, which hand is to tremble. Pray don't forget to let your hand tremble;
and

and then he will hold it for you, and guide the pen while you write your name.

Miss H. Wicked, wicked girl, how can you?---

Lord C. What is Miss Julia saying?

Miss H. All that she can to add to my confusion, which, I must say, is not quite kind---she ought to support, and not distress her sister.

Lord C. Her lively spirits may be in time brought down; some few months hence, Miss Julia, you may properly know how to judge, what now your sister feels.

Miss Julia. And perhaps not, my lord.

BEING arrived at the table, Miss Harrington writes her name without any help—Then follow all necessary forms, after which the limbs of the law depart, and all the company.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

The End of ACT the FIRST.

I AM

I AM called down to tea, but will finish this letter when I come up in order to go to bed, that I may send it away by to-morrow's post, else it will make two days difference in going to you, for I think *to-morrow* I shan't find any time for writing.



Twelve at night.

I DID not teize my sister all the evening, and her lord behaved to her in such a manner as dispelled all her concern. Such a man as this lord C. ! I think I never knew his fellow.

MY lord and I happening to be cut out at the same time at whist, sat together upon a settee by the fire, when, after a while, he took my hand, rapturously kissed it, and at the same time heaved a vehement sigh ! which sigh ended in a kind of groan.

Is not your lordship well ? said I.

I HAVE

I HAVE no illness, Miss Harrington, but what you can cure. Oh, happy! happy lord C.! so near the attainment of his utmost wishes—while I—I who have longer served than him by months, am not yet come so much as to a distant prospect of that bliss, I make the aim of my whole endeavours to arrive at.

SURELY you are not so vain. replied I, to set yourself upon a footing with lord C.? Are your merits think you comparable to his? No, no, honest friend, if they were put into two scales, depend upon it, yours would immediately hit the beam.

THIS sadly nettled him. No, Madam, answered he, at the same time reddening, I don't pretend to compare myself with lord C. I don't know the man who can; and give me leave to say, that as he excels all men in merit, I can't tell where we shall find a lady who, with any great degree of justice, can pretend to put herself in competition with Miss Harrington. Therefore you see, Miss Julia, other people if they were not made fools of,
need

need not intirely despair ; for every woman is not a *Constantia*, any more than every man a *lord C.*

DON'T you think, Cordelia, he was even with me, and will you believe it ? Meeting with a spirit in him which I did not expect, I was rather disconcerted. In short I knew not what, or how to answer him ; and therefore, putting on a seeming indifference, to hide my inability to reply, I hummed a tune, got up, and went to look over my aunt Mountague's game—saying, do you think you shall win your rubber ?

YES, my dear, I fancy I shall, replied she. You lost the last you played, did you not ?

LORD S. an audacious monkey, answered for me—Yes, Madam, poor Miss Julia, really lost—but I was so happy to win—I shall set it down for the first time too. He had the assurance while he said this, to look at me with a most saucy meaning in his great eyes, nasty grey staring things. I have thought them handsome at times, but they looked quite ugly
just

just then. I hated him, and all that belonged to him, at that instant, I am sure. I moved towards him, now hoping to vex, but I only still farther urged my own mortification. Man, said I, if thou art not more civil, I won't play at cards any more. I'll go up to my closet, and write till supper time.

He bowed with a prodigious complaisant air, saying, Just as you please, Madam, I always choose to let the ladies pursue their own inclinations.

How, wretch ! cried I, quite loud ; upon which my brother, turning round his head, asked what was the matter ?

Nothing, nothing, Sir William, replied my tormentor ; but I, not able to keep down my rage, repeated with a strong emphasis, Nothing ? Do you call it nothing, lord S. ?

Y O U R opinion, Miss Harrington, and mine often vary. Please, therefore, if you choose it, to give Sir William the true merits
of

of the cause, and let him be moderator between us.

WHY thou provoking devil, cried I, what in the name of wonder is come to thee?

Now down went the cards of Sir William, my aunt, lord C. and my sister; all of them with a smile on their faces (a smile which in my opinion made them all look quite ugly) enquiring into the nature of our dispute—but they lost their labour, for the wretch did not tell them, and you may be sure I would not, having in the dispute come off so much with the worst.

AND now I am as mad with myself, as I then was with him, for quitting the field at a time when the enemy had gained such an advantage over me. How could I be so foolish, to be out-done by him in that particular which had ever been my advantage, my only advantage over him, repartee? May I not reasonably expect he will greatly plume himself upon this conquest, and rally all his
forces

forces against the next attack, forming hopes of intirely defeating me?

WHICH in the end will now be the case, I do really believe. The wretch, I can find, gains ground upon me every day, for I am continually losing some advantage or other I have; yes, yes, I can well enough now perceive, I have a kind of regard for the creature, I never should be able to conquer. This *love*, Cordelia? what a strange, subtile kind of a thief it is! How it creeps, and steals upon one by degrees, even before one is sensible of its approach taking fast hold.

WELL, well, however, I don't care if I am in love now, since I have the example of both my sisters to keep me in countenance. Even Constantia! the incomparable Constantia! that lady with whom none of his lordship's acquaintance can, with any degree of justice, pretend to put themselves in competition! this inimitable piece of perfection! this superior excellence of nature! she has loved. And surely, the inferior Julia need not be ashamed of following such a bright example

example—such—but hold ! what am I doing ? Naughty Jenny, I bid her get me some fresh ink this afternoon, and she has given me all gall, I fancy, instead of it.

DEAR Cordelia, forgive me, I am really ashamed of what I have wrote ; had any other woman done so, and my eyes suffered to glance over the paper, I should have immediately pronounced her gone ! gone past redemption ! for but too true is the following observation, that a man may be certain he is not indifferent to a woman ; but, on the contrary, may assure himself he has great consequence with her, if what he says in commendation of another of her sex, is able to ruffle her temper, making either her tongue or pen express themselves in spiteful terms, thereby discovering that she is piqued.

FOR the world now I would not have lord S. see what I have been writing ; for though I own to you, my dear, the advantage he has now gained over me ; I intend, as little as possible, to let him see it for some time to come. It is very well ; and I believe, what every

every woman would choose to have in view, a certain prospect of settling when she has a mind to settle ; for which reason, I determine not to lose the hold I at present have over lord S. since I really intend, some time or other, heaven knows when, to marry him. But let folks say what they will in praise of the married life, I can't think it comparable to the single, at least while a woman is handsome, young, and has an affluence of fortune sufficient to let her partake of all the innocent gaieties of life. I am, indeed I am, too much a coquet at heart, but too true is the charge of that kind my sister has often laid against me. Now if the character of a coquet is ever excusable, it must be in a single woman ; for a wife and a coquet blended together, would make a most vile composition, even in the opinion of your mad-pated Julia. Therefore, as whenever I do marry, I intend to make an extraordinary good wife ; I never will marry till I am certain I should be capable of so doing ; till I have had my fill of vanity, and am convinced of the folly of those pursuits which now appear so attractive, and charm me-beyond

yond measure. And certainly lord S. has no great reason to complain; can he justly call me a coquet, when I declare, I really intend some time or other to reward all his services and marry him?

I DARED not for the life of me have wrote in this manner to Constantia; no, nor must I let her see it, if I do—but I won't, for late as it is, I'll seal up the letter to night; or rather, to speak more properly, before I go to bed, for it is near two; and then I shall be safe from a lecture. The gentle, soft Cordelia, will spare her sister; and if she does not, I can be even with her, I can ask her who cried upon a certain occasion? But stop pen, stop—that is a subject I have promised not to touch upon. I had better not trust myself with a beginning, since so great is the impetuosity of my nature, I can't tell where to stop, if I once suffer myself to enter upon any thing.

I REALLY begin to grow sleepy, so will leave off writing, seal up this letter that it may be
sent

sent away in the morning, and then go to bed, where, in the arms of sleep, I hope to gain an ample recruit of spirits to support some other people, in case theirs should happen to flag during the time a certain ceremony is performing about ten hours hence. Adieu, my dear, whether at this instant sleeping or waking, all happiness is wished you by

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLIX.

In Continuation.

Feb. 15, Nine in the Morning.

AT length the day of days is over, and our sister taken out of our family, and transplanted into that of C. His lordship! how nobly! how like himself did he behave yesterday? and Constantia, following as far

as she was able the bright example he set her, did not make the deplorable figure I really feared she would have done.

PERHAPS now, Cordelia, you expect me to give you a minute account of every word and action which passed yesterday; but, my dear, if such are your expectations, you will be disappointed in them, I can assure you, for I shall not do it. The wedding-days of most people, I fancy, are spent pretty much after the same manner, and therefore to save myself the trouble of telling you all how and about it, I refer you to any of those authors who have treated upon the subject, expatiating largely thereon, where you may read and apply just as you think proper, since in my description I shall be very brief.

CONSTANTIA was dressed in her white satin negligee, shoes, ribbons, &c. all white according to custom on such occasions, from head to foot a perfect snow-drop. She looked vastly pretty, indeed I never saw her fine person appear to greater advantage; and no one
in

in company could pretend to dispute with her the prize of beauty, except it was her lord—he—I never saw a man look so charming.

ALL the rest of us, viz. Mrs. Mountague, lord S. Sir William, Miss Randall, and myself, were dressed all in new. The other two ladies, as well as myself, in negligees. My sister presented Letitia with a very handsome one upon the occasion, which of course she wore—it became her mightily—she has really a fine person, and I think it is improved greatly since she came to London. A true jauntie manner of dressing is to be sure a vast advantage.

THE day was spent in a very chearful manner, so was the evening. But none of that frothy, indelicate mirth, which I have been told is generally the attendant upon such occasions, where there is a great deal of company, issued from the lips of any of the gentlemen. Indeed, no hint was dropped that could give the least occasion for any of the ladies, not even the fearful, apprehensive bride, to tinge her cheeks in crimson.

I KEPT Miss Randall with me all night, for I did not care, so late as it was before the company parted, to let her go, without any other woman, home in the coach with two such gay young fellows as lord S. and our brother. They left us at twelve.

I ROSE at eight, my usual hour, this morning, but Letitia is still in bed fast asleep; now have I a great mind to punish her for her laziness, by putting her into a great fright. My brother you must know has a room, or rather a little closet adjoining to mine, where he keeps some of his cloaths to dress here sometimes, when he is too lazy to go home to Grosvenor-square. Now I am said to be like my brother; I could put on a suit of his cloaths, and go to her bed-side—lord, how she would be frightened! I'll do it, I'll do it, 'tis such a fine scheme I can't help putting it in execution. Have I time though? Yes; we don't breakfast till ten; my watch is too fast, and but a quarter after nine—I'll ring for Jenny.



Oh,

OH, I have had such diversion! a short time equipped the beau. Into the chamber of the sleeping maid he sallied; he drew aside the curtains, threw his arms about her, and with a kiss awaked the frightened fair one—frighted indeed! she started up! Lord, Sir William! what do you mean? Miss Julia! dear Miss Harrington, where are you? why did you leave me? Begone Sir William, instantly begone—for shame, how dare you thus intrude?

DEAR Letitia, said I, in a kind of whisper, and clasped my arms about her—no one is near us. My whispering and her fright likewise assisting me, she did not discover the cheat by my voice, still taking me for Sir William.

SHE is a girl of spirit and virtue too, I am sure; for on my attempting to kiss her, she pushed me from her with great violence, and lifting up her hand was going to hit me a blow, which might have made me repent my frolick if I had not averted my face, for which it was designed.

BASE man ! said she, I charge you instantly begone ; for the regard I have for your family I care not to expose you ; but if you do not leave this room, I promise you I will.

JUST at this instant, who should enter the chamber but my sister, who seeing Miss Randall set upright in bed, such visible disorder in her looks, and, as she supposed, Sir William standing at no great distance from her, she was frightened too. Good heaven defend me ! cried she, what do I behold !—Brother, what mean you ? What business have you here ? Hush, sister, hush ! said I ; don't make a noise—only a frolick, I can assure you.

SHE was as much imposed upon as poor Letitia. Surely there must be a very great likeness indeed between my brother and me, to pass in this manner upon her too.

A FROLICK, Sir William, do you call it ? answered lady C. a most indecent one, I am sure—Go down, go down.

THE

THE real Sir William now upon the staircase, called out, Ladies, ladies, why don't you come to breakfast; it waits, and I am almost starved—I vow, if you don't make haste, Charles and I will come up, and help Miss Randall and Julia to dress. Lord C. says his lady is dressed already.

Now how my sister stood in amaze! How Letitia stared! Heaven, said lady C. what do I hear, or rather, what do I behold? My brother's voice for certain below—Then, figure, what art thou?

I PULLED off my hat; and, throwing it aside, at the same time putting my hands before me and curtsying—Julia, Madam, answered I.

AND so it is, as I hope to live, cried Miss Randall. Oh, thou little wicked jade, to put me in such a fright—I'll be even with you, that I will.

AGAIN my brother called, so lady C. was forced to go down in order to pacify him. Jenny came to us, locked the door, helped me to change my dress, and Letitia to rise; after which we went down to breakfast, and by all the men were laughed at for a couple of idle girls, which imputation we rather chose to bear, than own the true reason of our being so late ready to make our appearance, not choosing to let the men know any thing of our frolick.

WE have told none of them about it; but my aunt Mountague is let into the secret, and laughed very heartily at my contrivance.



Seven in the evening.

THERE being, as Letitia is still here, a set without me, I have excused myself from playing at cards to night, saying, I wanted to write to you. Indeed I had need lay hold of all the opportunities I can; since for my part, I think, with all the diligence, and notwithstanding I write so very fast, I can hardly
make

make my pen keep pace with the variety of incidents which now daily happen to employ it. I am at present many hours behind hand, for I must begin with what passed after breakfast this morning.

At breakfast we were all together the whole set; but soon after Mr. Renholds (of whom you have doubtless heard me speak before, an intimate acquaintance of my brother and lord S.) called upon them, so they went out, and did not return till dinner time. But my aunt, Miss Randall, lord C. his lady, (as I now must for the future call my sister, tho' it seems vastly odd to me) and myself, spent a most agreeable morning together, till I went up to dress in order for dinner, when I wrote the account of my frolick.

AUNT Mountague seems as much pleased with the wedding as if she herself was married. I am delighted with being certain that my sister is happy; and Miss Randall, poor girl! if it was not for some private concerns of her own, is, I am sure, so true a friend to

our family, that she would join, as heartily as any of us, in that serene, that substantial joy, which appeared in the countenances of us all this happy morning.

BUT my dear, will you believe me, I am excessively angry with lord C. What, truly, because his family estate is twelve thousand a year, and ours not above six, he thinks he has a right to make us do just what he pleases. Oh, these men, Cordelia! such strange arbitrary creatures, all of them, even the very best; for I do really think lord C. one of the very best; and yet he is a sad man, as you shall hear. Just after lord S. and my brother were gone, he took a little shagreen case out of his pocket, and, rising, presented it to me with a charming graceful air, that I must own.

No, my lord, said I—at the same time putting both my hands behind me, I do not receive any presents from gentlemen, I can assure you.

As a brother, I command you, replied he, smiling—How Miss, dispute my will !

YOUR will, returned I ; very pretty truly.—But pray, Sir, give yourself no airs, lest you provoke me to take you down and make you look small.

HERE then, said he, holding up the case very high, take me down—Peep at me, and see me look small ; that, Miss Harrington, is what I want you to do.

I REALLY did not understand him ; but he, a resolute creature, was resolved to make me ; so as I would not take the box with my hands, he laid it upon my lap.

UP jump'd I, down it fell, and in falling opened ; when out tumbled some things which vehemently glittered by the reflection of the fire. I would not touch them ; but show, how very attractive it is to our sex at what age soever ! my aunt Mountague could not resist the shining temptations, so took them.

up; when, upon examination, they proved to be the amiable portraits of lord C. and his lady in lockets for a pair of bracelets, and set round with diamonds of remarkable size and lustre.

DEAR Julia, said my transported aunt! this is a present you can't, indeed you must not, refuse. Here, nephew, (see, Cordelia, how very glibly that title runs off her tongue already) take the lockets, and make her wear them; put them on yourself upon her pretty white arms, which will be as great an ornament to your fine present, as your present will to them; for every body allows my niece, Julia, to have one of the handsomest arms and hands in the kingdom. Complaisantly said of my aunt this, was it not, sister? and will you believe it? Oh, the folly of our sex! I was weak enough to be pleased with the fine speech, though it came only from the mouth of an old woman.

MISS Randall, who now I suppose thought a fair opportunity offered her of being in some measure even with me for the trick I had played

played her, said nothing, but quitting the room, went to my closet and fetched down my bracelets, which lay upon the toilet. They are pretty enough of the kind; I bought the lockets just after you went out of town, and gave for them about fifty pounds; but the strings were Mrs. Mountague's fine pearl necklace, than which to be sure nothing could well be handsomer.

WHEN Letitia returned, lord C. immediately spied them in her hand. Charming girl, said he, you are very kind; this was a good thought: then taking the bracelets from her, and presenting them, together with the new lockets, to his lady; Dear Constantia, said he, oblige me by making a proper alteration in these affairs.

SHE the day before, you know, had vowed obedience, and the vow being doubtless fresh in her memory, she made not the least hesitation to comply with the desire of her lord; and being ever an ingenious kind of a girl, in about an hour she took off the pearls from
the

the old lockets and new strung them to the others, after which most dutifully giving them to her husband, he came to me, forcibly took my hands, and put on the bracelets; the wicked naughty Letitia helping him with all her might to perpetrate his mischievous design.

VERY well, Miss Randall, said I, you shall be paid for this service I can tell you; for if I am not properly revenged of you before I am many days older, my name is not Julia Harrington..

Did not Miss Harrington deserve punishment at my hands, replied she? don't you think so? remember this morning!

WHAT was done this morning by our mad sister, said Lord C.? Let her tell you if she pleases, answered I. No, but I won't tho', indeed, replied she, blushing. Surely, Cordelia, you fair women are more apt to blush than we brown folks. Now perhaps I was the guilty person, but I did not blush.

WHY

WHY, what now, cried lord C. taking her hand. (My sister laughed, so did I; and aunt Mountague, who then knew nothing of the matter, sat watching to see what she could catch.) She must have done some bad thing or other, don't you think so, my lord? said I, she seems so much confounded at the remembrance of it.

SURELY, Miss Julia, answered Letitia for him, there never was your fellow—With ever so great advantage on one's side, one had better let you alone; you give such a turn to things there is no being aware of you.

INDEED, said lady C. she is a sad girl; we had better be quiet, for if we do not she will be too much for us.

ARE you in the scrape too? replied Mrs. Mountague. I beg to be excused answering any questions, Madam, answered she—Come, girls, (to Letitia and me) it is time we think of dressing.

WE

WE followed her now into her dressing room, Mrs. Mountague did so too, and there we told her of the morning frolick; but, as I said before, we determine to keep it an entire secret from all the men. I would not have run the hazard of a discovery in the manner I did to any of the rest of the set but lord C. he is a good creature, and one may do very well with him; but my brother, he is almost a match for me, I own; I very seldom dare trifle, or play any of my tricks before him.



Feb. 16. twelve at noon.

A FEW minutes now, I hope, will enable me to put in practice that revenge I owe to Letitia, for the assistance she gave lord C. in putting on my bracelets yesterday morning. I every moment expect a person from Persivant's. Oh! I hear her in the next room with Jenny.



WELL,

WELL, now I am fully prepared for the attack, which I determine shall be made immediately after dinner. (Miss Randall has not left us yet, nor will, being to stay with my aunt Mountague all the time I am in Nottinghamshire.) I have purchased strings of garnets, which are fastened to my old locket, and these I design to make lord S. put upon Letitia's arms. These she may safely wear, as not being in the least remarkable things; the alteration of the strings from pearl to garnet will take off all suspicion of their ever having been mine. The locket is—one a lapis lazuli set in gold; the other some of my aunt Mountague's hair braided, with the cyphers of her name upon it, set round with very small sparks. This, if Letitia is asked any questions concerning, she may say is the hair of her aunt Mathews—Maxfield, or any other name beginning with an M, she happens to think of at the time.



Feb. 17.

FOUND no more time for writing yesterday; for lord S. and my brother after dinner proposed, by way of a frolick, that as lady C. was not to make any publick appearance during the present time of her being in town, we should all go to the play incog. taking our station in the two-shilling gallery. I vastly liked the scheme, as I do any odd scheme that offers. This, you know, is my nature; and Letitia suffered her eyes very plainly to speak her approbation of it when it was first mentioned; but on my declaring myself to be for the question, she immediately voted on the same side.

WE have now four to three, in case the grave married folks should have been averse; but they were not, nor aunt Mountague; so at a proper time, dressing out ourselves in as great dishabille as we were able, we set forward to Drury-lane play-house, and went into the gallery.

To be sure I am born to meet with adventures. What, I wonder, is there in my face
which

which makes all the men take such notice of me?

I SAT just behind two smart beaus, who for some time stared at me pretty handsomely; but during the time of the musick between the first and second act, one of them offered me an orange. I endeavoured to look as if I had a mind to take it; yet said in a low voice—No, Sir, I dare not; my mistress will see me. Your mistress, replied he, where is she? Hush, hush, answered I, don't speak loud, she will hear you; she sits there, pointing to my aunt Mountague, between whom and me there was only Letitia; lord S. and Sir William not being able, we came in so late, to get seats on the same row, but were obliged to set two behind us.

Who is your mistress, pretty dear? said my spark, who now doubtless took me for an Abigail. I must not tell you her name, answered I; she is a very rich old woman. Letitia I saw began to observe us, so I whispered her, dear girl, we are both chambermaids, mind that;

that; and if you are asked, lady C. is your mistress, Mrs. Mountague mine.

I HAD but just given her the cue, when the man asked me who that pretty girl was—A cousin of mine, Sir, replied I; she waits upon the lady who sits next my mistress.

HE then pulled his friend, and whispered him, upon which he began to chat with Miss Randall—I suppose was bid to do so in order to take off her attention from us.

How long have you lived with your mistress? asked my beau. Here the appearance of Mr. Garrick upon the stage made me reply, (I rather choosing to mind the play than the nonsense of Sir Tinsel Tawdry; he was very fine) Pray, Sir, don't talk to me while the play is acting, my mistress will see you and be angry. He bowed and observed the command; but between the next act repeated his question of how long I had lived with the old beldam? poor aunt! so he called her.

Not

Not many months, Sir, answered I; I am but newly come to London—Do you like London, my dear?

I SHOULD if I was a lady, Sir, said I; but I don't love to be confined to the whims of other people indeed.

SHOULD you like to leave your mistress if you could get a better place? Will you come and live with me, pretty creature?

Is your lady good tempered, Sir? answer- I; won't she expect I should always be at home, unless I go out with her?

I HAVE no lady, my dear—I am not married.

LORD, Sir! no lady! Why what can you possibly have for me to do then? I don't love working with my needle; that is, of the two, rather worse than sitting, as I am forced to do, and reading to my lady.

If you will come to me, charmer, you shall not do any thing but what you like.

Oh,

OH, Sir ! I can't tell how to believe you, answered I, for so my old lady told me—She is, you must know, landlady to my father ; and about six months ago, coming down to her estate, persuaded my mother to let me come and live with her, not as a chambermaid, but her woman : now, Sir, my mother used to make a child of me, so I was pleased with the thoughts of being a woman, and therefore said I would go to London. I did so, but I wish I had not ; I had rather be a child again in the country, and run after my ducks and hens, than be a lady's woman here in town, confined as I am.

THE man seemed greatly pleased with my simplicity, but before he had time to make any advantage of it, the play continued, during which, by my order, he again was silent. He put his hand behind him, and would have held one of mine, but I would not suffer it, saying, my lady might possibly see it, and then I should be sadly scolded when I got home, for she was mightily for reserve in young people, he was therefore obliged to be
con-

content, till the silence of the actors again set his tongue at liberty.

HE then pressed me to come and live with him, told me I should sit at his table, and manage his house, and live like a lady; all which I answered with as great simplicity and innocence as I was able: but, after a-while, he began to be very importunate, insomuch, that I knew not what to answer, or what to do with him, and would have given something to have been rid of his impertinence. I could not silence him, as I tried to do, by saying my mistress would observe his talking to me; he would not regard that, or my declaring I would not live with him. He still continued to urge me to it, so at length I feigned compliance, said I would, and promised if I could get out, to meet him in the park next morning; or, if I could not do that, said if he directed a letter for Mary Hazle, at Mrs. Brown's in Copthall-court, (there is such a place in the city, Cordelia, I was once in it to visit a lady with my aunt) I would take care the footman should give it me, and send
one

one back to him. He gave me, hereupon, his direction on the cover of a letter, whether his real name or not, he best knew. It was to Peter Banbridge, Esq; in Old Broad-street, behind the Exchange—(how lucky was I to pitch upon the place of my abode so very near him) he said he was glad to find I was his neighbour.

WELL, at last the play and entertainment both were finished. He would have handed me out, but I forbid it, so he let me go; and coming to lord S. he took care of me thro' the croud, when at length we all got safe to Bond-street, where, during the evening, I entertained the company with an account of my adventure; my aunt and sister, however, rather blaming me for indulging myself in freedoms which they say may draw me into scrapes if I don't take care.

I SHOULD have mentioned, that before we went to the play I had taken my revenge upon Letitia—(her beau only talked to her in the common run of complimentary chat) — and
dis-

disposed of my bracelets to the general satisfaction of all the company.

MY brother was greatly pleased—he said, he had often thought of making Miss Randall a present of that kind, but feared she would not accept it willingly at his hands, knowing her to be a lady of prodigious prudence, and mighty scrupulous of doing any thing in the least liable to censure.

BROTHER, answered I, you can't condemn Miss Randall for this, I am sure; but on the contrary, must applaud her for it, since it is most certainly known, that however imprudent, however unguarded you men of pleasure may be in your own behaviour, you esteem a proper degree of prudence in woman, as the greatest perfection she can possess. And, dear Letitia, (turning to her) if these strange, mad creatures should ever attempt to draw you into any scheme your own prudence condemns, follow the dictates of that prudence; for *nature* has given you so large a share, you need not have a better monitor. Therefore, whatever

that points out to be wrong, be assured is so, as taking valuable presents from men who are no relations, nor like to be, &c.

Now while I uttered these words, I believe I looked upon her with some meaning, which I own I intended; a pair of diamond tops sparkling in her ears, I knew Sir William had given her. She blushed, and I, not being willing to add to her confusion, took her hand, saying, Why really I think these bracelets look mighty well, surely they never appeared so pretty before! nor was I till now, Letitia, sufficiently sensible of the beauty of your arm.

BUT I must stop my pen, and think of sending the vast quantity I have written away, which I the rather do, since reading it may afford the disconsolate Cordelia some relief in the absence of her swain; and I make no doubt but you and Mrs. Crawford, are anxious to hear some account of the day of days. Here then, take it as you find it, from your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

P. S.

P. S. I shan't touch a pen any more while I stay in London, so my next will be dated from C. park, for which place we set out in two days from this.

LETTER L.

Miss JULIA to Miss CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

C. Park, Feb. 24.

SAFELY arrived at a most delightful place, my dear, and after a very pleasant journey; no one cross accident happened all the way. We set out on the 19th, made two days and an half of it, and reached the earl's seat at two o'clock.

He was in high expectation, and ready to receive us in the great hall. And now I'll write another act of my farce, sister, though I don't know what to say to that neither,

M 2

since

since the title won't suit the present scene. It is not the prelude to matrimony now—matrimony is over—what shall I call it then? it must have another name—suppose the *Sequel to Matrimony*.

YES, I think that will do. Well, then, take it thus:

The Sequel to Matrimony.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE—a large hall in the earl of W.'s house. The earl discovered sitting in a great chair before the fire, accompanied by his two favourite little black spaniels, Rover and Ranger.

ENTER lord C. leading in his lady, lord S. handing Miss Harrington, Sir William and attendants following.

ON their approach the earl jumps from his seat, runs to his son and daughter, who
bending

bending their knees, he folds them in his arms.

Earl W. God blefs you, God blefs you, my dear creatures ! thus, and thus, and thus, (embracing and kissing them) let me welcome, and join together my dear, dear children. But come, Ned, rise my boy ; pray fair lady, (helping up lady C. holding her hand, and gazing in her face with great attention) why, yes now—my boy I see understands something of the matter. I was sure he might be trusted. Here is beauty by my troth ! beauty which none can equal, travel never so far. Ah ! hey ! though (casting his eyes upon Miss Harrington) why, here is another paragon ! where I wonder did these women grow ? women did I say ? angels ! goddesses to be sure ! no earthly creatures, unless fair Rosamond and Cleopatra are come back again to set the world on fire. Well, well, I thank God I am old ; for I can (saluting Miss Harrington) thus join my lips to these pieces of coral without being in the least hurt. It was not so always ; but thank God I am old—(looking at the gentlemen) lord S. and Sir William

Harrington I suppose, Ned? (they both bow, the earl takes their hands) Sir William, you are a sort of a relation, God bless you, the blessing of an old man can't do you any harm; you are welcome, quite welcome to my house: but lord S. are you not a bold man to venture yourself daily in the company of such women? unless—(looking very archly) yes, yes, I conclude it must be so.

MISS Harrington hereupon is rather confused, she blushes, and lord S. casts his eyes tenderly upon her, a smile at the same time appearing on the countenances of lord C. his lady, and Sir William Harrington.

Earl W. 'Tis so, 'tis so, I see that plainly in the faces of you all. Well, well, lady, don't be ashamed of your man, you need not I can tell you, if he is as good as he looks, which for your sake I wish he may be. But this is a sad age, a very sad age! wicked doings, wicked doings. The young fellows any of them are scarcely worth hanging.

Omnes,

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Earl W. Aye, laugh if you will, it is very true—but I forget myself — (ringing a bell) the weather is cold ; wine and cake will not be amiss, as dinner won't be ready this hour. Come, sit down ; never were dear creatures more welcome. Here, son, you on one side of me, and my charming daughter on the other ; give me an hand each of you. Well, I do most heartily approve your choice, Ned, upon my troth I do. I am so happy, so very happy.

ENTER a servant with white wine and cake, of which all the company partake ; after it a turn in the garden is proposed till dinner time, which being accepted—

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.

A MAGNIFICENT parlour ; a side-board is set with plate without end ; a table spread with a sumptuous dinner. Attendants waiting.

M 4

ENTER

ENTER the earl of W. handing in lady C. whom he seats at the upper end of the table; lord S. lord C. Sir William and Miss Harrington, take their respective places.

Earl W. Sweet daughter, while you remain at this house, be absolute mistress of it. Come, let us see your dexterity at carving. By my troth, a mistress of all arts, very well, very well, I'll be helped by nobody but you; and yet, yes, I should tire one. Miss Harrington, come I'll trouble you too. Well, you must forgive me, angels! I can't keep my eyes off from you, I hope I don't offend you.

Sir Will. Offend them, my lord? Did you ever know a pretty woman take it amiss if she was looked at and admired? the contrary indeed is apt to pique them, they can't bear to pass unnoticed; they love to be admired, making that their chief aim, it being the chief delight of their hearts.

Miss Har. Let you alone, Sir William, for civility to our sex. Is he not a sad, rude creature, lord W.?

Earl

Earl W. He is your brother, Madam, and takes the liberty of a brother, they are seldom very complaisant to sisters, they are not sensible of their merit or beauty; but for my part (looking first upon one lady, then the other) I can't for the life of me tell which of you is the handsomest! and yet so very different! why ladies, you should always appear together, for you set each other off; you are certainly fair Rosamond and Cleopatra, as I said before. Ned, don't you think they are something, nay, very much like the pictures of those two famous beauties we have got in our painted alcove! We'll take a walk thither presently, and compare them—shall we, angels? (The ladies bow assent.)

Lady C. Any thing you propose, lord W. I shall ever with the highest pleasure come into.

Earl W. Oh; charming! was there ever so much excellence, both of body and mind, seen together? so handsome! yet at the same time so very obliging! Why now, most of

your great beauties are so opinionated, that they will do nothing to oblige people ; thinking, as I suppose, a sight of their fine persons is sufficient to pay folks for bearing with all the obstinate airs they shall please to assume—but these ladies ! they are—in short, I never met with their fellows.

THE dinner being removed, and servants withdrawn, after sitting awhile, the company rise in order to go to the alcove.

Exeunt omnes.

End of the first Act.

THUS, my dear Cordelia, did the earl sound forth our praises, which subject I think I have said enough upon, to have a great share of vanity laid to my charge for transcribing it: but then by way of excuse, let it be considered to whom I am writing—to a sister, who is desirous of knowing all that is said to, and by her

JULIA HARRINGTON.

End of the SECOND VOLUME.

